

The Critic

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Literature

Pennell's "Pen-Drawing and Pen-Draughtsmen" *

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL, whose work in black and white, more particularly in pen-and-ink and in etching, is known to two continents, has written a remarkable book on the branch of art he particularly affects—a book which comes, we believe, in the nick of time. Engravings of all sorts will soon be done only for connoisseurs. Etching is being run into the ground by ignorant dealers and hard-pushed etchers. Pen-work, reproduced by photographic process, is much cheaper than either. It is more satisfactory to many artists, and there is some ground to hope that the public may be beginning to appreciate it properly. It is true that a good part of the work still being done is in direct imitation of other methods, and that much of what remains is hopelessly vulgar. But there are good artists who love to use the pen, who get the most delightful results with it, and whose pictures are enjoyed by the public. Of these is Mr. Pennell himself; and his book gives the names and examples of the work of many others, of whom we will here mention Fortuny, Rico, Vierge, Menzel, Abbey and Parsons. All of these pursue or have pursued different aims. Somewhere among their drawings or those of their contemporaries one will come upon every kind of treatment, except the mechanical, which the pen may give. Mr. Pennell's object is to bring out the varied beauties of which pen-work is capable, to teach people what is good, and to lead them to value that as it should be valued.

In a few short chapters he compares the pen-sketches of Titian and the etchings of Rembrandt, Van Dyck and others of the old masters with the more developed work of to-day. A Titian pen-sketch is usually a mere memorandum for the background of a picture. It has a beauty of effect which Mr. Pennell does not seem to us to prize highly enough; but in completeness it falls far below the pen-and-ink work of modest artists of to-day. These have pushed the technique of their art so far that, in drawing, modelling, color, they quite equal etching. Spanish artists, as Vierge and Fortuny, have perhaps done more to this end than any others. There is a bewitching grace in Fortuny's line that suggests to Mr. Pennell the violin-playing of a great master in that art. In this he is certainly right; but he might have added that as the violin is the most dangerous of instruments in the hands of anyone but a master, so is the pen, used as Fortuny used it. The pen-point or the etching-needle used with this freedom is a probe with which the manipulator unconsciously reveals the hidden defects of his own nature. Even Casanova's drawings, two of which are reproduced, show vulgarity. Much of the very clever work which Mr. Pennell praises is inharmonious and vulgar to a degree. It is like ordinary fiddling, not masterly violin-playing.

On the other hand, he does not seem to care for the simpler work being done mostly by English draughtsmen for book-decoration. The fine point of the Gillott pen, its sharp and free line, and the variety of tones that can be got with

it seduce him, so that he is unable to see that excellent work may be done with a broader, stiffer line, and no tones but solid black and white. His preference for brilliancy and freedom leads him to say that hand-made paper should not be used in books illustrated by the pen. Yet he is forced to admit the beauty of Herbert Horne's 'Diana,' which he could have printed with type on hand-made paper. Much of the French quill-pen work which he properly admires because of its freedom would also stand printing on rough paper. Some of the very best work in the kind that he prefers cannot be adequately printed, even on smooth paper, by the steam-press. It has to be reproduced by photogravure and printed on a plate-press. Even so, Mr. Pennell has had to go to Paris to get proper prints of Mr. Abbey's and Mr. Parsons's drawings for 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Such work as this is, indeed, worthy of any trouble that may be necessary to reproduce it fitly; but for cuts to be printed with the type, which should harmonize with that and allow the use of paper with a grain, Mr. Pennell's favorite technique is quite inadmissible. Some of the English drawings just referred to are open to the objection that they are archaic in design, but that does not furnish an argument against their technique.

Mr. Pennell fears that the daily newspaper illustrations may be the death of pen-drawing. We are rather inclined to think that the school they furnish, though a rough, is a good one, at least for illustrators. Of course, nothing that the newspapers can do can prevent artists like those cited above from making beautiful and elaborate pen-drawings and printing them on plate paper with retroussage and all the luxuries of the plate-printer. The future of pen-work seems to us secure, and we do not doubt that Mr. Pennell's sumptuously printed book will do much to popularize it.

Mrs. Foote's "Last Assembly Ball" *

IN COVERS white as newly fallen snow, flecked with lettering like sunshine, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's new romance of the far bright West is appropriately clad. But of the chief tale within, after one has read and put it down, only the chill of the snow remains, and the sunshine does not warm. The 'Last Assembly Ball' is a picture of life in a mining-camp, 'eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea; six inches of snow on the board sidewalks, mountains whiter than the clouds, and black with patches of burnt forest; smoke of smelters languidly rising; voices and footsteps all of strangers; over all, an atmosphere of insensate gayety, of fantastic success.' Hither comes young Frank Embury, a graduate of the Columbia School of Mines, to whom their respective parents have refused to give in marriage his cousin Catherine. At Mrs. Dansken's boarding-house, his chivalry is aroused, and at last his love, by the solitary and unfriended beauty of a Canadian waif-named Milly Robinson, who there serves as waiting-maid. There is no attempt to idealize Milly's commonplaces. They are as patent as the kerosene lamps, the pillow-shams, the kindling-wood, and the dishpans of her daily avocations. Not even her grand air when handing around the potatoes to the boarders, her crimson cheeks, and her copper-colored hair, can make Milly a comprehensible attraction to a young man of gentle breeding, of recent association with refined and loving women in his own sphere of life. Whenever she speaks at all, it is stupidly and in a sulky spirit. Her previous life hides a secret, and her negatives are jumbled hopelessly on the opening of her silent lips. Despite of all this, Frank offers to take her to the Leadville Assembly Ball, and provides for her a fitting frock, which is the cause of a not unnatural remonstrance on the part of Mrs. Dansken. In a pet, Milly flies from the house, is followed by Frank, who, without an hour's delay, saddles his foolish young life with a burden heavier than weight of mountains. After their marriage, he insists upon taking her, gown and all,

* Pen-Drawing and Pen-Draughtsmen. By Joseph Pennell. \$20. New York: Macmillan & Co.

* The Last Assembly Ball. By Mary Hallock Foote. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

to the Assembly where Leadville's beauty and fashion are awaiting their appearance to give the cold shoulder to the bride.

Everybody but Frank knows, by this time, that Milly had been already married and deserted, and has had a child born in a city hospital. The women shun, the men flock around her; one of them insults her, and, to avenge it, the poor young husband of a day fights, and is shot before midnight in the yard of the hotel. Milly comes out of it all, of course, and in due time marries a stock-raiser from Montana, who wears a beaver overcoat and a diamond pin. 'The Fate of a Voice,' a short story contained in the same volume, is well written, as cannot be otherwise when Mrs. Foote puts pen to paper; but this story, too, seems to us strained in sentiment, and unnecessarily overwrought in *dénouement*. The admirable sketch of the conditions of society in the far West, which serves as introduction to the book, is an essay both vigorous and vivid.

Select Letters of Horace Walpole*

THE ANNUAL REVIVAL and resurrection of old literary friends at Christmas-tide is an event to delight even the doubting Sadducees of this generation. These favorites, buried for a moment or a year, are sure to come to the top when the Christmas minute-gun is fired, more particularly those whose native buoyancy is such that it will not let them remain buried. Of the 'incomparable letters' of Horace Walpole, as Byron called them in the preface to 'Marino Faliero,' all the world (including Macaulay) has been chattering for several generations. They have never been out of print since they were in it; and it is likely that they never will be, any more than the letters of Cicero or Sévigné, of Pliny or Abelard, of Grimm or Junius. The essentially feminine quality of Walpole's intellectual outfit,—his keen powers of observation, sensitiveness, drollery, and sensationalism—make his correspondence forever memorable in the annals of literary gossip. He was a sly fox among the dames and beldames, the *petit maîtres* and fops of the later Georges; and no one characterizes more amusingly or more mercilessly their fopperies and fripperies than the curio-hunting, attitudinizing, industrious *dilettante* who inhabited Strawberry Hill, wrote 'The Castle of Otranto' (our first romance of the supernatural), published the 'Royal and Noble Authors' and the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' travelled with Gray, and belabored Chatterton. This interesting age, with all its intrigue and versatility, would be lost to us were it not for these brimming letters addressed to Sir Horace Mann and others; letters embalming a whole brilliant world of gay women and accomplished men now silent except in these speaking pages. Walpole was ubiquitous. He had eyes and ears for everything and everybody. The *Georgium sidus* rises and sets in his letter-sheets. In his Continental travels he tells us of the first excavations at Herculaneum. At Paris he is in the whirl of that dazzling and dissipated circle that followed the Regency. In England he is intimate with Fox and Gibbon and Sir Robert Walpole and the poets: he discovers Crabbe, and disbelieves in the 'wondrous boy,' and refutes Sir Joshua.

In short, he is a universally busy busybody, delightfully sharp in his judgments, full of the spirit of his age, a little sceptical, a trifle cynical, yet sincere in his very insincerity, civil in his very incivility, a prattling, perennial egotist, who (with one eye on posterity) begs his correspondents to keep his letters and scribbles with a felicity and dramatic power known only to himself and the French Rambouillet 'set' with whom he was intimate. From these voluminous scribblings Mr. Yonge has picked and selected with admirable discretion, knowing that a busy public has no time to do it for itself. Portraits and illustrations and beautiful type contribute to the charming result: 'Horace Walpole in a box,'

fit for a Christmas-box and not bottled (or boxed) up so tight that one cannot open and get at the good things within abundantly.

"The Duke" and "Miss J" *

THE QUESTIONABLE taste that has induced whoever may have acquired these letters, by right of discovery or inheritance, to consent to their publication, is indicative of the curiosity of the age we live in. The papers were found in an old trunk in the attic of a country-house near New York, and 'by the kindness of a distant connection of Miss J.'s family,' were put into the editor's hands. It must be confessed that few persons of literary proclivities could have resisted the temptation to give them to the world for a day's wonder. Yet the only phase of Wellington's character which is strongly illustrated by them is one that has long been known—viz., his capability of patience under the severest trials. 'The Duke, a man of sixty-seven when this correspondence was begun, was evidently touched by the interest which Miss J. seemed to feel in his eternal welfare. Few men of a nature so kind as his—for, as Mr. Croker has shown, his grim exterior enclosed a heart which sympathized truly with his fellowmen—few amiable men could have refused to reply to the earlier letters of Miss J., which seem to be inspired with a real and abiding confidence that she has been selected by Providence to bring the Duke to a conviction of his unworthiness in the sight of his Maker. But when we peruse the peevish, scolding, impudent and maundering epistles which soon follow, we wonder why the Duke did not at once forswear even an epistolary acquaintance with so unreasonable a woman. Was it his goodness of heart, which recoiled at the thought of wounding even a discontented and querulous correspondent who had displayed so singular an interest in his soul? Half in pity he continued to correspond with her, replying to her long, ill-written letters as a concession to his conviction that she was really in earnest in her efforts for his salvation. The lady gave vent to a succession of plaintive laments over some fancied lapse of respect upon the part of the Duke towards her, mingled with prayers for his eternal welfare. It may well be suspected that she was a religious lunatic, possessed of the cunning that so often accompanies lunacy. There is hardly a doubt that she aspired to be the Duchess of Wellington, and to wear the ducal strawberry leaves as a sort of livery in which she might serve Heaven and bring in the conqueror of Napoleon. Not an ignoble ambition, surely! She was not willing to allow the Duke the slightest familiarity. Her journal boils with the horror the 'brushing up of his chair nearer to me' inspired in her bosom. This, of course, met with the withdrawal on my part due to Christianity.' She blesses God for the 'grace and strength afforded me on that occasion, causing the Duke to sink into insignificance in comparison with His favor which is better than life!' This is maudlin. Innocence could not have blushed at the drawing near of an old man of sixty-seven, and that man the Duke of Wellington, notoriously, even in his youth, no man of pleasure. Yet the sweet missionary and would-be converter of the Duke flies like a bird before his aged approach! The relations of the Duke with Miss J. seem to have been marked upon his side with a forbearance, a generosity, a nobility and a thoughtfulness truly wonderful. The publication of these letters cannot dim his fame nor cast a stain upon his honor. But the attitude of the woman is altogether an unhappy one—petulant, unreasonable, complaining, an unconscious hypocrite, now impudent, and now overbearing. One of her impertinences was to enclose letters to the Queen Dowager, to Queen Victoria and to Sir Robert Peel, for the Duke to deliver. The 'distant connection of her family' who allowed this correspondence to be published has exposed his kinswoman to lasting ridicule.

* Letters of Horace Walpole. Selected and edited by C. D. Yonge. With portraits, etc. 2 vols. \$6. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* The Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J. \$1.75. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"The Story of the American Soldier"*

MR. ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS is faithfully carrying out his project of depicting the careers of the distinctively American types of human being and achievement. The Indian, the sailor and the soldier have been depicted and are framed in print and binding, and the one or two other figures in his literary gallery have taken shape in the mind of this artist in letters. The portraits of the American soldier in war and peace, as we see him in this latest volume fresh from printer and binder, is in effect a composite photograph. All the men of arms, from the mound-bilder to the marine on the squadron of evolution, or the wearer of the Grand Army badge, are summoned before the author's camera. Unlike many of the so-called composite photographs, however, in which the last sitter overshadows and unduly influences all the others, Mr. Brooks's picture of a typical man does justice equally to the fighter with flint, with flint-lock, or with breech-loader. His book is not a rehearsal of old narratives of war and bloodshed, but a first-rate story, constructed out of elements which historians have usually ignored or kept in shadow. Mr. Brooks makes the soldier, the private, the individual fighter, a real being, and not a mere unit of military force, or impersonal cog in the wheel of progress. He shows why and how, and in what numbers, the prehistoric men fought, and what lured on the *conquistadores* of Spain to the wealth of America. He explains how it came to pass that the little colonial rebellions failed and remained rebellions only, while the big rebellion of 1776-'83 succeeded, and became the Revolution. How it was that the minute-men couldn't help being militia, or the continentals help beating the British, is made clear. The land part of the war of 1812 is shown to have been 'a leaderless war,' and that in Mexico successful largely because of brilliant leadership. In picturing the great struggle for the Union, the author is fair to both blue and gray. Then comes the story of gallant Custer, and the battles of the plains. The last chapter tells of the veteran soldier. Appendices give all the names, dates and statistical information needed to refresh one's memory as to the battles of the United States. A list of the hundred best books on the subject and a good index round out this tempting literary feast.

"Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor" †

WHAT MORE CHARMING or more suggestive present for drowsy bachelor or dreamy maid than a couple of 'Ik Marvel's' works, presented anew to the public in this delightful form? Nearly thirty years ago these 'books of the heart' thrilled our fathers (and us children) with their playful fancy and sweet melancholy; we dreamt and 'marvelled' over them and their gentle message, and read them again and again for what they contained of poetic thought and musical trifling. In 1889 they come forth again rejuvenated, in an elegant edition adorned with cameo-heads on the side and etchings within, worthy of the admiration they awoke in Washington Irving and of the many editions through which they have gone. Three prefaces explain the hospitality with which they have been received, but do not and cannot explain their irresistible charm. 'Dream Life' is here sketched more vividly than many a pale reality, and 'reverie' assumes a form as concrete as crystal. The coal before which our fathers toasted their feet and our mothers tipped their tea was surely from carboniferous strata found only in fairy-land—or in 'Ik Marvel's' gate; for never before issued from it such a bee-swarm of buzzing visions, winged fancies, light-footed nymphs and bright-eyed loves; *amorini* which one would fain cherish as guardian spirits. Plotinus thought it worth while 'to consider well of Love, whether it be a God, or a divell, or passion of the minde, or partly God, partly divell, partly passion'; but only the fortunate ones who

* The Story of the American Soldier. By Elbridge S. Brooks. (\$2.50. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.)

† Dream Life. Reveries of a Bachelor. By Donald G. Mitchell ('Ik Marvel'). With etchings by P. Moran. \$1.25 each. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

read these pages now for the first time will be able to answer the old mystic's question with absolute finality.

Dumas's "Marguerite de Valois" *

THE FIRST TWO volumes of Dumas' 'Valois Romances,' 'Marguerite de Valois,' come before us in wine-color and gold, printed in the charming type and illustrated by the striking engravings to which we have become accustomed in this edition. Henri Quatre and his times, Marguerite of Valois and her maids, Catherine de Medicis, Charles IX.—all the glamour and passion of the sixteenth century live anew in these vivid books, which reproduce France for us as Walter Scott reproduced Scotland and Ingeman attempted to reproduce Denmark. Old Dumas' warm nature and abundant knowledge overflow in these romances and produce artistic and imaginative effects which have now become essential ingredients in all historical novel-writing that would survive a merely temporary success. Like George Washington's 'mark' under the Natural Bridge, his work shows how high the man of genius, upheld by constructive fancy and manageable archaeological knowledge, can 'jump' when he leaps into the arena of the past and strives to reproduce for us some of its charming or sanguinary episodes. Dumas' kings and queens are not Watteau-groups of brilliant-colored petticoats and doublets, arranged in 'effects' of gorgeous millinery, billing and cooing like new dynasties of shepherd-kings and shepherdess-queens, all capable of being enshrined in the dazzling arc of a painted fan. Ah no! No ivory radii or lustred semi-circle can hold these living, laughing, suffering, chattering men and women; these vivacious *lorettes* and tittering queens, and guardsmen with daggers that flash and monks and cardinals on fire with unheavenly ambitions. All is gay, great, buoyant, alive in these crisp pages, which crackle with the electricity that has just run from the incandescent pen, and tingle with all the currents of that greatest of electric engines, the human heart. It took a great coarse nature like Dumas' to represent these great coarse Gargantuan times, when a laugh was a guffaw and a murder a massacre; when the Queen of Navarre wrote Aristophanic stories and Rabelais was alive. Dumas early fell in love with them and their Quixotisms, and his gallery of romantic French history is as wonderfully graphic in its way as the *loggie* of Raphael or the pages of Brantôme. The 'Valois Romances' are another segment of his vivacious circle of olden-time stories: they are both guide-book and text-book to the times, and toothsome, too, for the Christmas of 1889.

Holiday Publications and Books for the Young

'WITH LEE IN VIRGINIA,' a story for boys, by G. A. Henty, is written from the Southern point of view; but the author claims, like Gen. Wolseley, to be impartial, and to base his narrative on reports of English officers attached to Lee's headquarters. The story begins before the opening of the War, and ends with its end. There are adventures with runaway slaves, an escape from Elmira Prison, and other matters no less exciting. It is illustrated with pen-drawings much improved by the use of a tint-block, and by plans of Lee's campaigns and of several battle-fields. Also by Mr. Henty is 'By Pike and Dyke,' a tale of the rise of the Dutch Republic. The historic groundwork is drawn from Motley, but Capt. William Martin of Rotherhithe and his son Ned are the true heroes of the book. Capt. Martin trades with the Low Countries in his ship the Good Venture, and the father and son take the side of the Dutch against the Spanish. The book ends with the death of the Prince of Orange. It is illustrated as above, but without tint-blocks. 'One of the 28th,' a tale of Waterloo, is another of Mr. Henty's works. Quatre Bras and Waterloo are introduced only at the end of the volume, the greater part of the story being about privateers and cruisers. Jacques, the privateer captain, is a jolly good fellow, and French and English fight and make friends with equal facility through nineteen chapters and eight wood-cut illustrations. There is also a map of the campaign of 1815. (\$1.50 each. Scribner & Welford.)

* Marguerite de Valois. By A. Dumas. 2 vols. \$3. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

'THE LOSS OF JOHN HUMBLE' tells of the adventures of a Swedish farmer's boy who takes to a sea-faring life on board his uncle's vessel, the Erl-King, is kidnapped and cruelly treated by a British captain, and after having been lost to his kinsfolk for years, turns up safe and sound at Stockholm, with much to tell of foreign parts, from Lapland to Peru. Illustrated by woodcuts. Mr. Cyril Harley's adventures on 'Highways and High Seas,' with robbers and pirates and Miss Dorothy Hawke and Mr. Midshipman Horatio Nelson, are recounted by F. Frankfort Moore in a very entertaining manner. Cyril, having had experience with the press-gang, goes into Parliament to denounce it, which so works on the feelings of Admiral Lord Hawke that he gives him Dorothy in marriage. Illustrated with phototype engravings. The color of the covers and edges of these books is as little attractive as their contents are much so. (\$1.50 each. Scribner & Welford.)

'LOTUS BAY,' it appears, is somewhere about Cape Cod. Laura D. Nichols describes a summer there in a way to captivate not only childish but grown-up fancies. The pictures wherewith her book is packed add much to its charms, and make those of the bay more evident. We have, for instance, one of some 'genuine bayites' with their flower-bed in an old boat drawn up in their front-yard; one of wild ducks round a light-house at night; one of gulls round a wreck; a horned owl about to pounce on a field-mouse, and Captain Jerry's cottage and his turkey-gobbler. These, with information about the ice age, glaciers, moraines, and etymology are very cleverly worked into the story. (\$1.50. D. Lothrop Co.)

MR. RUSKIN's lectures on books and the conduct of life, which he has named symbolically 'Sesame and Lilies,' come to us in a beautifully printed, cheap and handy edition, from Chicago. A neat dark-blue cloth cover, strong paper and large and clearly printed type recommend this new edition, and its price puts it within the reach of everybody. (\$1. A. C. McClurg & Co.)—A new and cheaper edition of 'Musica Ecclesiastica,' the rhythmical translation of A. Kempis's 'Imitatio Christi,' which was recently reviewed in these columns, has just appeared. It has a smaller page, but is in all other respects equal to the earlier and dearer edition. (\$1. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—A LITTLE, square, canvas-bound book contains, on tinted paper, a selection of proverbs, songs, and other poetry relating to the loom and its products. Solomon, Homer, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Grimm's fairy-tales, and Killarney ballads have been placed in requisition for the text, and old vase- and wall-pictures of Egypt and Greece and a few pictures by living artists furnish the illustrations. The little volume is hand-made throughout. (\$1.25. Scribner & Welford.)

THE 'OLD, OLD FAIRY-TALES' collected by Mrs. Valentine are mostly from the French of D'Aulnoy, Perrault and other less-known writers. They include the well-known 'Little Red Riding-hood,' 'The Sleeping Beauty,' 'Cinderella' and 'Jack and the Bean-stalk'; and there are few of the thirty-nine tales that are not familiar to the makers of nursery books. The original translations into English have been brought together in the present book and are supplied with many illustrations on wood and a smaller number printed in colors. (\$3. Frederick Warne & Co.)

Minor Notices

THE ADDRESS of Dr. D. G. Brinton on 'Aims and Traits of a World-Language,' which was delivered in December last before the Nineteenth Century Club of this city, has been reprinted in a neat pamphlet from *Werner's Voice Magazine*. The author explains that by 'world-language' is not to be understood a language which shall supplant all others. He does not believe that such a scheme is possible; and if it were possible, he would think it not at all desirable, but rather to be deplored. The cosmopolitan language which he has in view is simply a common speech to be employed in the intercourse between the people of different nations, each retaining its own national tongue. The proper nature and composition of such an international language are set forth in the clear and attractive style with which the readers of the author's works are familiar. The essay would be a very suitable one for distribution among the delegates to the congress which is to be held for the consideration of the subject. (Edgar S. Werner.)—MR. HENRY PHILLIPS, JR., in his 'Account of the Congo Independent State,' reprinted from the 'Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society,' has given a valuable summary of the history and constitution of that remarkable creation of modern enterprise and philanthropy, an African empire, under the control of a benevolent European sovereign, seeking not for conquest and power, but for the extension of civilization and peace. Mr. Phillips has searched with care the best authorities, official and private, and

brings his history down to the latest date. A map, sufficiently full, but not quite so clear in its outlines as might be desired, accompanies the memoir.

THE FAME of Jane Austen's novels, their freshness and their merit as realistic descriptions of life, have made many persons wish for a biography of her that would tell the full story of her life. It is not probable that such a book will ever be written. The materials for it do not exist; what has been told about her is most meagre and unsatisfactory, but it is all we are likely to get. Mrs. Malden, in her little volume in the Famous Women Series, has made good use of the short biography written by a relative of Jane Austen's, and of the volume of her letters, though these could have been used more in detail to advantage. She has also outlined each of the novels, analyzed its methods and briefly discussed its characters. Though the book will be disappointing to those who know Jane Austen's books, yet it is well written, and it will be found helpful to those desirous of becoming acquainted with her life and her books. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)—'GREAT WORDS FROM GREAT AMERICANS' is a little book containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Washington's Inaugural and Farewell Addresses, two other addresses by Washington, Lincoln's Inaugural and Farewell Addresses, and his Gettysburg Address. The tasteful make-up of the book and its small price ought to put these great writings into the hands of every American for frequent perusal and thorough study. (75 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

IN A SMALL volume of 230 pages, entitled 'Essays on Government,' Mr. Abbott Lawrence Lowell has collected five essays which, when they appeared separately, in various publications, attracted considerable attention. Their subjects are sufficiently indicated by their titles, which, it will be seen, cover a wide range, dealing with 'Cabinet Responsibility and the Constitution,' 'Democracy and the Constitution,' 'The Responsibilities of American Lawyers,' 'The Theory of the Social Compact,' and 'The Limits of Sovereignty.' It may seem not easy to say anything at once new and important on these well-worn subjects. Mr. Lowell, however, has succeeded in doing this by his peculiar method of treatment, which consists simply in bringing the various theories which he discusses to the test of actual experience, principally as shown in recent American history. By this process, combined with a severely critical logic, the author is able to demonstrate the fallacy of several of the propositions maintained by Herbert Spencer, Bagehot, Austin, and other notable authorities in political science. The essays give assurance of an amount of study and capacity which would show to advantage in a more comprehensive and connected work. The style, if lacking somewhat of the pains and polish which we are accustomed to associate with the name of Lowell when attached to political essays, is yet sufficiently clear and forcible. Some careless colloquialisms, such as 'claim' for 'assert' (p. 46) and 'whole-souled philanthropist' (p. 64) seem out of place in a volume of this character. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'THE LAND AND THE COMMUNITY,' by S. W. Thackeray, is a restatement of the Henry George theory, with special reference to England, and has an introduction by Mr. George himself. A considerable part of the book is occupied with a history of land tenure in England designed to show how the present land-owners came into possession; while the remaining chapters tell how the new system, supposing it adopted, would be put in practice, and what effect it would have on the different classes of the people. The landowners 'must kindly consent to consider themselves as being in the future effaced and suppressed,' and this without any compensation whatever. Some of Mr. Thackeray's economic notions are very curious, as may be seen, for instance, in his remark that 'the capitalist's investment produces its own return quite apart from that of the laborer.' In the main, however, his work is merely a restatement of Mr. George's views, and those already familiar with the subject will find nothing in the book that is new. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)

'MONEY,' by James Platt, is a reprint of an English work. It has had, like some of the author's other works, a large sale in England, and its circulation in this country is a thing to be desired; for, as Mr. Platt well says, a sound knowledge of money and its uses is essential to national prosperity. He deals not only with the subject of coined money and paper, but also with banking, exchange, interest and other topics closely related to money itself. On all these subjects he shows a thorough comprehension of scientific principles as well as a familiar acquaintance with the practical working of financial affairs. His views are those of English economists generally, and there is evidently something in his style which

is popular with the mass of readers: so that his work seems well fitted to instruct the people. To our own taste the style is too rambling and desultory; but otherwise the book is excellent. (75 cts.)—MR. W. D. DABNEY, who has had experience in dealing with railway questions in the Legislature of Virginia, has published a work on 'The Public Regulation of Railways,' in which he gives the results of his studies. The first part of the book presents the legal aspect of the railway question, and cites a great many decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court on the legal position and duties of railway companies. The rest of the work is a discussion of the economic bearing of the railway problem with the object of ascertaining what method of regulation is the best. The author pursues a conservative course and offers nothing specially new; but his views are carefully considered and will be recognized by most students of the subject as judicious. The book is a small one, but contains more that is good than some of far greater pretensions. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

IN 'RECOLLECTIONS of the Court of the Tuilleries' Madame Carette, Lady-of-Honor to the Empress Eugénie, gives a gossipping and very interesting account of the second Empire. Her narrative has to do mainly with the social life of the Court, and yet it offers many a glimpse of the larger world of politics. Its sprightly style, its keen insight into social character, and its bright comments on men and events, make the book very readable. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)—SCOTT'S 'MARMION' has been edited for the Clarendon Press Series of English classics by Thomas Bayne. The introduction describes Scott's life at Ashiestiel, explains how the poem was written, discusses its characteristics, gives a critical estimate of it, and briefly points out the changes which were made in it by the poet. The notes occupy more than a hundred pages, and are very full in regard to biographical and historical allusions. The little book will be found admirably adapted to school use or for reading circles. (90 cts.) The latest addition to this series that we have received is Campbell's 'Gertrude of Wyoming: A Pennsylvania Tale,' edited, with introduction and notes, by H. Macaulay Fitzgibbon. The introduction contains a life of Campbell, a sketch of Campbell as an author, and an introduction to 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' This was the first poem of any length by an English author which treated of American scenes and characters, the time being that of the Revolution. We have re-read the poem with much pleasure in the light of Mr. Fitzgibbon's notes. (50 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

FROM the twenty-first English edition is reprinted Mr. James Platt's forcible and interesting little book on Life. He has written on business, morality, money, economy, progress, and poverty. His look at things, like his themes, is very practical and matter-of-fact. He never soars, but stands on the solid earth, and bids man have sense equal to the dray, not the war-horse. On the English editions of his works we read those numerals which impecunious authors wait long for but die without the sight of, such as '75th edition,' '19th edition,' etc. Our author thinks a little, quotes much, and talks pleasantly at that level of life on which the footprints of the majority of plodders are found. He is a lay-preacher, made up of Talmage and Tupper, as it were. Culture, commonsense, thrift, marriage, happiness, religion, human destiny, the future life, are his subsidiary themes. He does not believe in Spurgeon, but rather follows Farrar, in his inklook into hell and heaven, finding the one place cooler, the other less monotonous, than some stereotyped popular notions would lead his readers to suppose. The three hundred or more pages make healthy and helpful reading, and this American edition is 'authorized.' (75 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE LAST EDITION of Herr Anton T. Schönbach's little book, 'Lesen und Bildung,' the first edition of which was noticed in THE CRITIC of May 26, 1888, contains two new essays, one upon the late German poetry and one upon 'Realismus'; there are also added new lists of books. These thoughtful essays have already been widely read; they are the work of a man whose ideas of the development of the individual are those of the school of Pericles. The ideal of the State in the mind of that great Grecian was, that it should afford to each of its citizens opportunity for the highest development of his powers. The ideal which Herr Schönbach would seem to present is that of the perfect 'Bildung,' though he nowhere formulates it, or the perfect and harmonious development of the spiritual and intellectual in each man, as he inherits the germs of these developments from nature. This he considers the highest function of education—the highest ideal, indeed, of education itself—although he is fain to confess that the nineteenth century, with its whirl of excitement, gives to very few the opportunity or perhaps the desire to attain it. The two new essays appear to us slightly less interesting than the earlier ones, though the one on

realism may be commended to the votaries of that tendency in American literature. (Gratz, Austria: Leuschner & Lubensky.)

'LITERARY WORKERS; or, Pilgrims to the Temple of Honour,' by John George Hargreaves, is a not very weighty book, but one full of gossip and anecdote about the literary life. The author's artificial arrangement of his chapters, and his own comments, do not add much to the value of the book; but he has grouped together much that is of interest about literary men and their ways. He begins with the manifestation of genius in the boy, and pursues the literary man through all the turns and occasions of his life, following him into his courtship, his married life, his business management, his search for a publisher, his poverty and wretchedness on success and prosperity, down to the grave, and even to the great *post-mortem* of his fame made by after ages. Into every corner of literature the compiler has gone for his illustrations of these varied experiences of literary men, using anecdotes of men of genius and anecdotes of authors to whom genius has not come. Much ingenuity has been used in making these essays; but there is too much of rhetoric and fatuous comment about them. The tasteful form in which the book is published will commend it, for the manner of it is worthy of the best sayings it contains. (\$2.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)

ANOTHER of the multiplying class of books which anticipate the future of the human race is called 'A Far Look Ahead; or, "The Diothas,"' by Ismar Thiesen. Against the evils of our present social organization he paints a glorious bow of promise, and shows a loftier social ideal in the hereafter. The author is no communist, but evidently believes the progress of the race will be slow, for he lays the scenes of his American story in far-off ages. The book is lively and interesting. To this, the second edition, the author adds a preface. (50 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—IN THE company of the few eternal books penned by mortals must be placed 'The Thoughts of Blaise Pascal.' The latest edition, in the dress of Bohn's Standard Library, is both comely and handy. The main portion of the book is translated from the text of Auguste Molinier by the scholarly London publisher, C. Kegan Paul. In the preface we have a biographical sketch, and after the three hundred pages of text, twenty pages of rich notes and eighteen of index. This is probably one of the best, if not the very best, of the editions of Pascal, and doubly valuable to the poor student by being so cheap. (\$1.40. Scribner & Welford.)

Magazine Notes

THE picturesque river Dart is followed 'From Moor to Sea' by Grant Allen in *The English Illustrated*. W. Biscombe Gardner supplies many pretty views of bridges, glens, cottages and castles on the way. The making of 'Nails and Chains' is described by the Rev. Harold Rylett and illustrated by Tom Hill. We learn that in England much of this heavy work is done by women and girls. 'Poachers Furred and Feathered,' that is to say, owls, magpies, jays, hawks and stoats, have their evil deeds exposed by C. E. Lodge, but are so beautifully pictured by him in his illustrations that we are sure they forgive him. 'A Storied Tavern,' the Cheshire Cheese, famous from Dr. Johnson's time, is sketched in all its parts by Herbert Railston and described by W. Outram Tristram. A journey 'In the Peloponnesus' is not very happily illustrated by Walter Crane. The stories are 'La Mulette,' by Clark Russell; 'The Golden Dachshunds,' by Mary Vernon; and 'A Modern Problem,' by Sheldon Clarke. There are many poems and short articles, including the old song 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be?' illustrated by Hugh Thomson; and 'A Cycle of Six Love-Lyrics,' words and music, by Joseph Bennett and Hamish MacCunn.

Karl Blind, in *The North American Review*, speaking 'A Good Word for the Jews,' also speaks a good word for the tolerance and intelligence of European populations of the early middle ages. He maintains that the persecution of the Jews began only with the Crusades and with the rise of the militant 'heresies'; in other words, that it was a mere episode in the general state of religious warfare of the time. The great question, What shall we do with our millionaires? receives a variety of answers from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who points out that, while we may have colleges enough, we want more libraries, museums, parks, hospitals and public halls, and suggests that while we have the millionaires we should 'fry the fat out of them' for such purposes. Mr. Henry E. Rood indicates another opening for the man oppressed with millions: he should endow a really independent and really truthful newspaper. Mr. Rood has his notions as to how said paper should be run, and they are sufficiently amusing; we commend them to Mr. Carnegie. Mr. Gladstone and others review the divorce question, and Lord Wolseley's articles are concluded.

Julian Hawthorne, in the December *Lippincott's*, apropos of Mrs. Stoddard's powerful novel, 'The Morgesons,' airs some views about 'Novelistic Habits' which, if not quite novel themselves, are very clearly put. He shows that from the literary craftsman's point of view, the introspective romance is more suited to artistic requirements than the story of events; that a novel can get along very well without hero, heroine, or leading villain; and that dialogue as well as description may be used merely to indicate the mental background and setting of the characters. Most of these wise saws are as old, in their essence, as Sophocles, but the modern instance of 'The Morgesons' endows them with fresh force. Maurice F. Egan sees in Henrik Ibsen only a coarser sort of Dumas, fils, and evidently prefers 'Frou-Frou' to 'A Doll's House.' William Henry Bishop tells of 'The New Troubadours at Avignon,' followers of Mistral; the complete novel is 'All He Knew,' by John Habberton; and Charles Morris predicts that 'The Power of the Future' will be derived direct from the sun and other natural sources.

In *The Forum* the problems of the day are attacked with a fine display of ability by half a score of eminent writers. The Hon. Edward J. Phelps writes of 'Divorce in the United States'; Bishop B. J. McQuaid sets forth the Catholic side of the public school question; Park Benjamin looks up some of 'The Possibilities of Electricity'; Prof. William G. Sumner decides that we do not want industrial peace at the cost of loss of industrial freedom; and William M. F. Round shows that it is high time to begin to discriminate among intending immigrants, and would have the United States consuls abroad do the discriminating. His statistics, however, are capable of a wider application than that which he gives them.

With its December number, *The Magazine of American History* completes its twenty-second volume. The frontispiece is a portrait of Lord Brougham, and the opening paper, by the editor, is a sketch of his early career, during the infancy of our Republic, with pen-pictures of his contemporaries and surroundings, the establishment of *The Edinburgh Review*, and the marriage of its editor in New York. The second illustrated paper is a 'Tribute to Hooper C. Van Voorst,' late President of the Holland Society, by George W. Van Siclen. R. W. Shuffeldt writes of 'The Drawings of a Navajo Artist,' illustrated by the Indian's pencil. 'The Sciota Purchase in 1787,' by Col. E. C. Dawes of Cincinnati, and the 'Private Contract Provision in Ordinance of 1787,' by Hon. W. P. Cutler, are the most important contributions to the number. 'First Editions of the Bible printed in America' is by Clement Furgeson, and 'General Grant and the French' by Theodore Stanton of Paris.

Margaret Deland writes the leading article in the Christmas *Book-Buyer*, her subject being 'Christmas Giving.' She discusses certain tendencies of the day with cleverness, candor, and sanity of judgment. The special reviews relate to some of the more important of the illustrated books of the season, the contributors being Edward Bellamy, the author of 'Looking Backward'; Mary Hallock Foote, Joseph Kirkland, Prof. A. S. Hardy, Prof. H. H. Boyesen and Laurence Hutton. Thomas A. Janvier reviews the art-books of the year; Noah Brooks gives an insight into the contents of the miscellaneous holiday books; and Mrs. Burton Harrison chats of the volumes for young readers. Of illustrations there are no fewer than sixty-eight, selected from the handsomest of the holiday books of the year. Thirty-three of the best of these are printed in colors—bronze blue, mulberry, russet and olive green. The number affords a wide survey of Christmas literature.

International Copyright

THE FIRST GUN of the International Copyright campaign of 1889-90 was fired at Delmonico's last Saturday. The engagement took the form of a complimentary breakfast to Count Emile de Kératry, representing the leading literary and artistic societies of France; Bishop Potter was the general commanding; and the missiles discharged into the ranks of the piratical reprinters, the people who revel in 'cheap and nasty' editions of stolen books, and the unregenerate Congressmen who permit the pirate and his patron to rage unchecked, were the old, old arguments that honesty is best, whether it be the best policy or not, and that in the present case it is as politic as it is just.

The breakfast was a tribute to the Count's services in the cause of copyright, the subscribers being, in the main, members of the American Copyright League. Many of these were introduced to the guest (who was accompanied by an interpreter) at an informal reception which preceded the breakfast, the former beginning at one o'clock, the latter at a

quarter before two. Count de Kératry, according to the French custom, wore evening dress, his breast being slashed and spangled with a bewildering assortment of ribbons, rosettes and crosses; for in addition to the peaceful warfare in which he is to-day engaged, the copyright enthusiast has borne the sword on many a hard-fought field, where more sanguinary affairs than Delmonico's breakfasts called into action deadlier weapons than any seen last Saturday—breech-loading cannon manned by butchers rather than bishops, and projecting shot and shell in place of logical arguments and emotional appeals. The decorations that gave a grimmer aspect to the Count's grizzled beard bespoke him a veteran of the Crimea, of Algeria, of Mexico, and of France in 1870. From a ribbon round his neck depended the cross of a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and upon his breast were the Grand Cross of Isabella la Catholique, the crosses of a Commander of the Order of Charles III., Grand Officer of the Nizam, and Chevalier of the Medjedjie and of Guadelupe.

Breakfast was served in the large banquet-hall, which was gaily decorated with French and American flags. Bishop Henry C. Potter presided in the absence of the Hon. James Russell Lowell, President of the League. Count de Kératry's seat was at the right of the Bishop's. On his right sat W. Morton Grinnell, legal adviser of the French Government in its copyright negotiations with the United States; Dr. Edward Eggleston, Wm. H. Appleton, ex-Judge Charles P. Daly, George Parsons Lathrop, Parke Godwin, and Bronson Howard. At the left of the Bishop were Senator Chace, President Patton of Princeton College, Richard Henry Stoddard, E. L. Godkin, Prof. Lounsbury, Prof. O. C. Marsh, Frederic R. Coudert and W. E. Bosely. Besides the above there were present the following:

Edward Cary, Augustus St. Gaudens, Col. Thomas W. Knox, H. G. Marquand, Bleeker Van Wagenen, Henry Holt, Col. Wm. C. Church, Fred. H. Hall, Richard W. Gilder, W. Lippincott, John C. Dwight, Parke Godwin, Laurence Hutton, Charles H. Phelps, Charles J. Taylor, Rev. Robert Collyer, Robert U. Johnson, William A. Coffin, Thomas Niles, Francis Lathrop, Will H. Low, Horace White, Charles V. Mapes, Wm. C. Brownell, Montgomery Schuyler, Frank H. Scott, C. B. Foote, Alfred C. Barnes, Russell Sturgis, J. Henry Harper, John Foord, J. J. Little, A. W. Drake, George E. Pond, F. Edwin Elwell, Brayton Ives, Dr. Edward Eggleston, Col. J. W. De Forest, Rev. H. N. Powers, Eugene Kelly, Prof. Allan Marquand, George A. Plimpton, Prof. A. L. Frothingham, Kenyon Cox, Charles A. Clapp, Charles R. Miller, Brander Matthews, Albert Mathews, Rossiter Johnson, Daniel Huntington, Arthur Stedman, Theo. L. De Vinne, D. L. Proudfoot, Wm. L. Keese, Clarence C. Buel, James T. Bixby, Bayard Tuckerman, Arthur H. Scribner, Birdseye Blakeman, Rev. James A. Ludlow, Samuel P. Avery, Henry A. Abbey, James Pott, Wm. F. Clarke, Charles F. Chichester, Prescott Hall Butler, Hon. J. F. Daly, G. W. Green, Charles Bambrough, Frank R. Stockton, R. R. Bowker, Thure de Thulstrup, Thomas A. Janvier, Charles Scribner, Joseph B. Gilder, T. W. Dewing, W. Lewis Fraser, Wm. Bispham, Gene W. Presbrey, T. R. Sullivan, John B. Walker, Gen. Horace Porter, William Clark Osborn, A. C. Gunther, Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, Hamilton W. Mabie, John Du Fais, William Carey, Archdeacon A. Mackay-Smith, H. C. Bunner, Richard M. Hunt, H. O. Houghton, W. W. Appleton, A. D. F. Randolph, Thos. L. Manson, Jr., Marshall H. Mallory, S. G. Pratt, John La Farge, Lawrence Abbott, Henry R. Elliot, Henry L. Nelson, Poulney Bigelow, John Brooks Leavitt, James B. Townsend, Arthur Perry, Dean Sage, John D. Champlin, Jr., H. T. Thomas, A. H. Thayer, Henry Villard, C. B. Curtis and Lawson Valentine. A number of ladies listened to the speeches from the balcony usually occupied by musicians.

Bishop Potter began the after-breakfast speaking by expressing his disappointment at the absence of Mr. Lowell, whose letter of regret, as read by the Secretary of the League, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, ran as follows:

I regret very sincerely that it will not be in my power to be with you on so interesting an occasion. But there will be enough earnest and representative men present to convince M. de Kératry that our country will ere long unite with all other civilized nations in recognizing the rights of those who contribute to civilization the element always and everywhere acknowledged as the highest and

most efficient. I have seen nothing to shake my faith in the permanent good sense and right feeling of the American people, and feel sure therefore that they will, however slowly, be brought to see not only that honesty is the best policy from the selfish point of view, but that it is the only policy by which all conflicting interests can be effectually reconciled and assured.

The following letter was received from ex-President Cleveland, whose interest in the copyright movement found expression years ago in his annual Messages to Congress:

I hope that I need not assure you how much I regret my inability to be with you and other friends and advocates of international copyright in this hour. It seems to me very strange that a movement having so much to recommend it to the favor of just and honest men should languish in the hands of our lawmakers. It is not pleasant to have forced upon one the reflection that perhaps the fact that it is simply just and fair is to its present disadvantage. And yet I believe, and I know you and the others engaged in the cause believe, that ultimately and with continued effort the friends of this reform will see their hopes realized. Then it will be a great satisfaction to know and feel that success was achieved by force of fairness, justice, and morality.

Dr. James C. Welling, President of Columbian University, Washington, wrote:

I cheerfully recognize, on all the grounds indicated in your invitation, the many titles which the Count de Kératry has to the respect of his fellow-laborers in the cause of International Copyright. That righteous cause has already been placed under lasting obligations to the logical acumen of the French intellect, and to that clearness of exposition which the French mind never fails to bring to every subject of human interest.

In a letter bearing the signature of Gen. W. T. Sherman, the veteran commander said:

Of course you do right to strengthen the Count de Kératry in his mission. There should be, and there doubtless will be in time, an universal law to protect the author in his brain-work; but every man to his trade and vocation. Mine is not in that direction, but I assure you of my best wishes for any law or treaty that will accomplish your most worthy purposes.

Similar letters were received from Dr. O. W. Holmes, Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, the Hon. E. J. Phelps, Thomas A. Edison, ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, Chauncey M. Depew, the Hon. O. H. Platt, President Dwight of Yale, President-elect Low of Columbia, Senator Joseph R. Hawley, the Hon. John Bigelow and the Hon. R. M. McLane.

Bishop Potter introduced Count de Kératry in a speech as felicitous as he has led every one to expect of him whenever he addresses an audience; and the Count, whose rising was the signal for the heartiest applause, proceeded at once to read a carefully prepared and incisive paper, the chief parts of which are preserved in the following translation:

You, who are firm friends of the great doctrine of the rights of authors, in assembling at this banquet, to which you have invited me, have generously wished to welcome through me, a humble French author, all the literary and artistic societies of France which profess the same sentiments as ourselves upon this important question, and of which I am the accredited representative in the United States. . . . If I mistake not, this is the first time that American men-of-letters have given a special and formal welcome to a representative of their comrades in France. You, whose names stand in the van of American progress and illustrate the literary and artistic annals of your country—you have wished this day to welcome a new kind of ambassador, an ambassador from that republic of letters which extends and reigns wherever there is found a thinker. . . .

If you on your side appreciate our theatre, if you appreciate some of our poets and novelists, we do not the less appreciate the old-time poetic romances of Cooper, whose picturesque stories of the Indian and the pioneer have charmed the boyhood of France for more than a generation; the brilliant history of the conquest of Mexico and Peru painted in such vivid colors by the magic pen of Prescott; the graphic narrative of the Titan struggles of the Netherlands against Spanish oppression, which has won so many deserved honors for Motley; the weird imaginations of Edgar Allan Poe; the pure and delicious idylls of Longfellow charming the heart and ennobling the mind; the romances of Hawthorne picturing New England of the first half of this century; and among the living, the sympathetic tales of Bret Harte and of many others of your writers. Does not our *Revue des Deux Mondes* charm us by

the ever-varying grace and novelty of your new and brilliant writers? Is not the literary and artistic work of your American magazines regarded with admiration and envy in France? And lastly, gentlemen, do not the great honors bestowed on American publishing-houses by the International Jury of the Exposition of 1889 show clearly that you have nothing to fear from foreign competition, and prove that America and Europe have every interest in exchanging, on honorable terms, their creations of literature and art?

Continue then your good work before Congress, as we shall continue ours with the United States Government. For it is evident that the adoption of a satisfactory bill will not be sufficient, unless it is accompanied by diplomatic conventions, appropriate to the different languages and laws of foreign countries. No one, therefore, can be astonished that France, whose interests in the matter are important, should claim from your sense of justice and courtesy the priority of a special international treaty, the principle of which you have already adopted. For (allow me to remind our adversaries) was not the French language the first to establish a right to a home at your hearth? Was it not the French tongue which resounded gloriously at the side of your forefathers on the fields of battle on which you freed your country? Was it not with the King of France that your representative signed the first Treaty of Alliance, in gratitude for which Congress decreed that the full-length portrait of Louis XVI, sent from Versailles should perpetually grace the Hall of Congress, where it remained until destroyed by the English sackers of your Capital? That, gentlemen, is a leaf from your history as I read it recently in the precious archives of State. And it seems to me well to review it when complacent and suave diplomacy, belying the words of Washington and the writings of Benjamin Franklin, endeavors to efface the great past which our two countries have in common.

In the year in which these countries have celebrated the centenary of their emancipation, the moment seems propitious to French authors and artists to be allowed to sit by your hearth freely and, let us hope, in a near future, without paying the ransom of genius at your frontiers. For the United States are sufficiently rich to pay for the luxury of a broad hospitality, since you admit the possession of greater wealth than you can use.

The International Literary and Artistic Society, a child of our Authors' League and founded by Victor Hugo, includes in its annals the most illustrious names of every country with but one great exception—your own. Like your American Copyright League it battles for the good cause unceasingly. From 1878, the date of its foundation, to 1889, it has held twelve International Congresses and has rallied under the banner of justice to authors all the Governments of Europe. It has held its meetings in London, Lisbon, Vienna, Rome, Berne, Amsterdam, Brussels, Antwerp, Madrid, Venice and lastly in Paris. Do you not also feel the desire at the beginning of the International Exposition which you are organizing and which will attract and amaze all Europe—do you not feel the desire to invite the representatives of arts and letters to a new and peaceful international congress in this classic land of liberty? What more beautiful preface could there be to the golden book wherein you inscribe your latest scientific and industrial achievements? Do you not indeed believe that authors and publishers are building up for posterity monuments as durable as those of artisans and engravers? The shades of Dante and Shakespeare, of Cervantes, of Corneille and of Victor Hugo await from you the homage legitimately due them and for which they have toiled and suffered—the proclamation of the dignity and independence of the author. I can close in no better terms than by quoting the last words, full of promise, pronounced at the literary international conference of Berne in 1886 by Mr. Winchester, Minister of, and speaking for, the United States: 'The man whose brain creates is entitled to a just and complete remuneration.' In the name of the authors, editors, printers and artists of France, gentlemen, I offer my hearty thanks to you as advocates of the cause of International Copyright and as members of a profession that will always be the honor of all mankind.

Dr. Edward Eggleston, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Copyright League, was next introduced. He referred to the speech of Count de Kératry as a most delicate arraignment of the United States on the charge of highway robbery; and alluded to the indebtedness of the founders of the Republic to the philosophical and political writings of the French. He expressed his confidence, furthermore, in the approaching triumph of honest principles by the passage of an International Copyright bill. Ex-Senator Chace of Rhode Island, whose name the bill in question bears, succeeded Dr. Eggleston. He reminded his hearers

that Presidents Washington, Madison, Jefferson, Buchanan, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison had all approved of International Copyright, but maintained that its flattering prospects to-day were due to the harmonizing of all interests in the bill that passed the Senate last year, and is expected to pass both Senate and House during the present session of Congress. Speeches followed from President Patton of Princeton, Frederic R. Coudert, Gen. Horace Porter, Anson D. F. Randolph, George Parsons Lathrop, the first Secretary of the League and Wm. A. Coffin, Secretary of the Society of American Artists. It was half-past five o'clock when the gathering broke up.

Boston Letter

I DO NOT know of any American author in regard to whom fresh information would be more welcome than Henry D. Thoreau, and it is pleasant to chronicle the fact that a new life of that rare observer and lover of nature is being written. The author is Mr. H. S. Salt, of London, and I understand that he has received some aid from Mr. H. G. O. Blake of Worcester (custodian and editor of Thoreau's Journals), Mr. F. B. Sanborn, Col. T. W. Higginson, and Mr. Daniel Ricketson of New Bedford. As he would be glad of any contributions of unpublished matter, I will add that his address is 38 Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, London. Thoreau is one of those fresh and original spirits of whom one cannot know too much, and though his life has been admirably written by William Ellery Channing and F. B. Sanborn, there is reason to be glad that another biography, enriched by the contributions of his valued friends, is in preparation. None of our naturalists has had the poetic and philosophical insight of Thoreau. He entered into the natures of the dumb creatures he observed, and I have sometimes thought that Mr. Sanborn's felicitous description of his physiognomy was an accurate representation of the reflected character that came to him in this way. 'His face reminds one of some shrewd and honest animal,—some retired philosophical woodchuck or magnanimous fox.' It was his love of nature, and his sense of the need of associating with her to develop his individuality, that led him to adopt a mode of life which furnished some of his critics with the groundwork for the theory that he was a solitary and misanthrope. He retired from the world for a time, not because, as has been said, he was opposed to civilization, but to show that there was a remedy for its evils in a return to a simpler and more natural mode of living. The charge of moroseness brought against him is refuted by the character of his friendships, by his fondness for children, and by the interest which he took in persons who appealed to the higher characteristics of humanity.

It has been said that Thoreau would rather have a woodchuck come to his door than a man, but the slur really illustrates his preference for visitors whom he could depend upon as natural, and certain to afford him a fruitful opportunity for improving study. I recall the humorous delight with which he chronicles the arrival at his lodge of one whom he calls 'a true Homeric or Paphlagonian man'—a Canadian wood-chopper and post-maker, who could hole fifty posts in a day, who told him that if it were not for books he would not know what to do on rainy days, and who had a great bundle of white-oak bark under his arm which he had gathered for a sick man. There is abundant evidence in Thoreau's writings that those general reflections of his against humanity were intended to apply to its meaner specimens, and that no man was more ready to do homage to what is best in the race.

I have seen in a recent number of *Anglia*, a German periodical, some notices of Col. Higginson's books which have impressed me by their acuteness and individuality. The author is Prof. E. Flügel of Leipzig. He admires the 'Atlantic Essays' as thoroughly American and marked by classic beauty of style, sustains the claims of 'Malbone' to a high place in our literature, and says of the sketches generally that their fresh, native vigor of ideas and felicity of expression give them the interest of a novel.

'In a Fair Country,' which contains the most charming of Col. Higginson's 'Out-Door Papers,' is one of the most attractive books of the season, as Lee & Shepard, the publishers, find to their satisfaction. The fresh sympathy with nature, which is so admirably expressed by the author, is worthily interpreted by the beautiful illustrations of Miss Irene E. Jerome.

Little, Brown & Co. have in press 'Bird-Songs about Worcester,' by the late Henry Leverett Nelson, son of Judge Thomas L. Nelson, of the U. S. District Court—a book which illustrates the author's careful and sympathetic observation of the feathered songsters whose notes he describes. I hear that the two hundred large hand-made copies of 'Cinq-Mars,' Alfred de Vigny's famous his-

torical romance, published by this firm, are all sold. The popular edition is almost as fine; it has the same beautiful etchings by Gaujean from designs by A. Dawant, and the powerful story with its thrilling and pathetic incidents is appropriately presented in these two exquisite volumes, which contrast so strikingly with the original English edition, in one small volume, without illustrations.

Mrs. Deland's 'Florida Days,' so finely illustrated by Louis K. Harlow, is having a notable success; its sympathetic interpretation of the scenes which every Northerner has seen, or longs to see, bringing their spirit closer to the reader than any amount of formal description, and enabling him to bask in the sunshine of its sentiment, and thus defy the frigid influences which winter in this latitude experts upon mind as well as body. The pleasing languor with which this book lulls the senses has a notable contrast in the new volume of the Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes, just published by Little, Brown & Co. This deals with fencing, boxing and wrestling, and has thirty-four plates which it makes the blood course through the veins to look at. In these days of devotion to athletics, this book will be widely appreciated.

'In the Garden of Dreams,' by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, published by Roberts Brothers on Saturday, is one of the most beautiful books of the season, its mechanical execution being worthy of the delicate fancy and tender sentiment of its lyrics and sonnets. The illustrations, by Winthrop Pierce, are of a fine interpretative character. Its dainty cover of olive and white, decked with a golden poppy, was designed by Mrs. Henry Whitman.

Mr. Francis Parkman, who has just returned to town from his country house at Jamaica Plain, is in better health than he has been for some time, and is able to do some work on his histories. He has grown rather stout, and with his cheery manner has anything but the appearance of invalidism. He has been greatly benefitted by rowing on the large pond near his house, which is about the only exercise his lameness has permitted him, and if he could rely on the pond not freezing over, he would stay out of town all winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who open an engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre this evening, have excited a good deal of social as well as dramatic interest here in Boston. One of the most agreeable entertainments in store for them is a reception by Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, on Thursday afternoon.

BOSTON, Dec. 9, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Lounger

MR. HOMER GREENE of Honesdale, Pa., author of 'The Blind Brother,' 'Burnham Breaker,' 'Coal and the Coal-Mine,' etc., who has spent his leisure moments during the past few years in winning nearly all the prizes offered in this country for prose or verse, had the misfortune to lose the manuscript of a new novel in the recent fire that destroyed the Crowell establishment in Boston. It was lying on the desk of the firm's literary adviser, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, and, having been but recently received, was still unread. The story was based upon the special temptations to deviate from honest courses to which the legal profession exposes its followers; and as Mr. Greene, who acquired his intimate knowledge of mining life while serving as a civil-engineer in the Pennsylvania coal region, is to-day a practicing lawyer, the book probably bore the same marks of mastery of its subject that distinguishes his other writings. It will take the author several months to re-write the story from the mere skeleton of it which is all he has to guide him. It is safe to say that Mr. Greene will never send out another manuscript of which he has not a duplicate at home. Mr. Dole, by the way, was also unfortunate, losing in the same fire a book of his own upon which he had expended months of labor.

I HAPPENED to speak, last week, to a well-known painter and illustrator of the article on the Millet family recently published in *Figaro* by Gaston Calmette. The statements contained therein to the effect that the sale of the paintings in Millet's studio at the time of the artist's death had brought to his widow about \$86,000, that she had a small pension in addition to the income from this source, and that she had married several of her daughters to men in easy circumstances, had convinced me that the stories of financial embarrassment on the part of Mme. Millet were grossly misleading. I said as much to my friend, who knows his Paris and France as well as his New York and America; but he was not so easily persuaded as I had been of the widow's prosperity. As to her sons-in-law, he said, so far from their adding to her means, the *dots* she had had to provide for her daughters had seriously diminished her resources.

CERTAINLY the picture of Millet's home-life drawn by his friend, Alexandre Piedagnel, whose 'Souvenirs of Barbizon' appeared in

1876, does not confirm the sad impression conveyed by Sensier's Life of Millet. Apropos of the *Figaro* article, and of the present exhibition of Millet's works in connection with the Barye bronzes, the *Tribune* prints several extracts from this little book—a work which still awaits translation,—and from among them I select the following :

The house is large, very large, although it has not that appearance, but the family is numerous. M. Millet's father had nine children; he has nine in his turn, all vigorous, all amiable, all adored. At dawn this little world, happy and free from care, bubbles and prattles at will like the song-birds of the neighborhood. In the day-time, the young girls work in the depth of the little wood, or in the shade of the elder-trees and lilacs of the garden. The hedges unceasingly echo with silvery laughter. . . . It is at 7 o'clock particularly, at the hour of supper, that the peaceful charm of the master's patriarchal home reveals itself. Around the family table, which is bountifully provided, sit the children, with rumpled hair and smiling faces. Beside the oldest the little ones are placed, who are cared for by their elders with a touching solicitude. The father presides gayly, having opposite him the attentive and indefatigable mother. I have often seen in the course of this repast a little girl of six feeding her sister, who does not yet talk, with a grace and seriousness truly adorable. After supper the three oldest sisters, beautiful young girls of from fifteen to eighteen, gladly take up a delicate piece of sewing or embroidery, while the painter of 'The Sower' and 'Repose' trots the little ones on his knee while he hums a rustic song of Normandy.

A WOMAN whose poems are 'read and sung in two hemispheres' said to Alice Williams Brotherton, some ten years ago: 'O, I only write them. My husband attends to all the details of printing. He copies the poems in his clear hand, chooses the magazine or publisher, and attends to the editorial correspondence.' Later in the same conversation she remarked :

'He has an unerring instinct as to the fitness of a story or poem for this or that editor's pages. When he says, "This might suit *The Century*," "That is better fitted for the *Atlantic*," "Try *Scribner's Magazine* with that thing," "Lippincott's will use this," I never think of disputing his judgment.' And again: 'I leave anything written during the day on his writing-table, he reads it after dinner, and says it rests him. Criticise? O, yes, a word or a phrase. I weigh every suggestion and adopt only what I approve.'

Such a husband as this is a greater convenience than a letter-file or scrap-book. He not only knows the market like a book, but it actually 'rests him' to read his wife's verses! It really seems as though this man must have been born to be a literary woman's husband.

IF ONE is to judge of authorship by the character of the suggestions in *The Writer*, he would think it a profession founded on newspaper clippings. There is never an issue of that interesting journal that does not give a number of different plans for keeping scrap-books and filing away 'clippings.' I may be a very lazy person, but I cannot feel that life would be worth living if I had to keep a set of scrap-books or clipping-files. I did make an effort in this direction, in my younger days, and filled two or three books and as many 'bellows-files'; but I have never had occasion to refer to them, so the time spent in cutting and pasting was thrown away. There may be special lines of writing for which clippings are useful, but for my own, which is rather general than special, I have found the cells of my brain the best pigeon-holes and scrap-books.

FOR LETTERS received and for received bills, filing is of the greatest importance, and for this sort of filing there is nothing simpler, handier, or less troublesome than the 'bellows-file.' That is not its technical name, but it is sufficiently descriptive to make the obliging salesman know what you want.

'J. G. P.' CORRECTS me for alluding to the Bolivar in Central Park—one of the statues I expressed a desire to see 'executed' by electricity or the guillotine—as the gift of 'our Bolivian friends.' It was Guzman Blanco, he tells me, Dictator of Venezuela—one of the four republics organized from the New Granada of which Bolivar was the Liberator,—who gave us that fantastic equestrian figure. And this sculptured monstrosity will probably stand for ages in this liberty-loving land, unharmed save by the elements, while the fate it so richly deserves has already befallen the innumerable monuments to his own glory erected by President Blanco at home. Only a few weeks ago, it seems, while the ex-President was abroad, as he has been for some years now, on a roving mission to all the Courts of Europe, the populace rose up on the great man's birthday—an occasion usually seized for crowning his statues with wreaths—and defaced or destroyed them all. The pretence was that politics inspired the iconoclasts, but judging from the single specimen of bronze-work that we know to have

pleased the ex-Dictator's fancy, I am inclined to attribute the popular uprising to the spread of artistic culture among our intelligent fellow-Americans of the South. It would take no more than five Bolivars to provoke a riot even in this much-enduring metropolis.

IT SEEMS that authors are not the only people who play tricks upon the unhappy readers of manuscripts. According to a writer in *The Commercial Advertiser*, the publisher occasionally indulges in this pastime at his reader's expense. The writer relates an anecdote showing how a publisher, receiving the MS. of a book by a well-known author, had it copied out on a typewriter and gave it to the reader without the author's name. The reader—a woman, by the way—gave an opinion condemning the story as tiresome and not worth publishing. Then the publisher confessed the trick, but he did not shake the lady's first judgment. She insisted that it was a poor performance and unworthy of the author's reputation. The publisher accepted the story, however, and it fell as dead as a door-nail. So the reader was sustained by the public, and the publisher has played no more tricks on her from that day to this.

The German Opera

NONE of the seasons which preceded it opened so auspiciously for both management and public as the sixth season of grand opera in German at the Metropolitan Opera House, now in its third week. Including last Wednesday's, nine representations have been given; and at each the house has been full, the attention acute, the interest profound. Five operas have been brought forward—Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman,' Goldmark's 'Queen of Sheba,' Mozart's 'Don Juan,' and Verdi's 'Trovatore' and 'Ballo in Maschera.' The first and last were novelties at the Metropolitan, though familiar enough from earlier performances in Italian and English. The list bears a somewhat different physiognomy from that to which Mr. Stanton has accustomed the public, but the gift of second-sight is not necessary to a discernment of the reasons which governed its selection. In fact, it discloses a prettily harmonious union of necessity and discretion. The season is young, the public eager, and there is yet no need of holding out tempting bills. Time will come when the steady patrons will demand more satisfying pabulum; and then, happily, Herr Vogl the tenor will be here, and the heroic list can be entered upon. So the prospect is highly gratifying to the admirers of the lyric drama—a season made brilliant at the beginning and the end by the natural operation of circumstances, and sustained in interest in the middle by the introduction of several works new to American opera houses.

The chief elements of interest in the representations thus far have been found in 'The Flying Dutchman' and 'Don Juan.' Goldmark's spectacular opera has received the best performance, musically, ever vouchsafed it here, and its pomp and glitter have been admired; but its music does not wear well. It is too highly spiced, too indicative of striving in the mode of utterance, too destitute of thoughts worthy of utterance, too monotonous in its use of Oriental cadences and colors. What novelty of interest there was in it was imparted by the circumstance that Mme. Lehmann assumed the rôle of the Queen, and by her wonderful physical and artistic gifts succeeded in raising it up to the plane contemplated by the librettist and composer as the strongest character in the opera. 'The Flying Dutchman' was interesting for a variety of reasons, but more particularly because of the eloquent exposition of its dramatic contents through the sympathetic coöperation of Herr Reichmann and Herr Seidl. The latter treated the orchestral score as seriously as if it were one of Wagner's latterday creations, instead of a work chiefly interesting for its evidences of genius trying its prentice hand in conventional tasks and unconsciously crashing through the barriers at intervals. Herr Reichmann, the baritone, comes from the Court opera at Vienna, where for years he was a prime favorite until last summer he sought and obtained his release. He is the Amfortas of the *Parsifal* play at Bayreuth, and a most generously gifted artist, with a rich voice of wide register, great power and sensuous beauty, and a magnetic manner of singing that all but hides the slips of which he is occasionally guilty as a vocalist. His Dutchman is a strangely moving impersonation, admirable alike for its exemplification of the true purpose of dramatic singing (such distinctness of enunciation has not been heard here since the visit of Scaria), and for its deep pathos as a histrionic figure. Herr Seidl's reading of the score and Herr Reichmann's singing and acting helped the public to appreciate the fact that the first of Wagner's operas contains the breath of life and stands as a monument to the intensely serious and truly poetical nature of the poet-composer. In the German performances the Dutchman becomes a tragic type, a symbol of humanity in its restless strivings and longings and failures, but also in the final atonement through the merit of woman's self-sacrificing love and limitless de-

votion—an ethical scheme which runs through the greatest of Wagner's tragedies.

When 'Don Giovanni' has been metamorphosed into 'Don Juan' it is less likable work than it was originally, but when 'Don Juan' is performed as it was at the Metropolitan on Wednesday and Saturday of last week, it discloses dramatic potentialities that have been absent from the best efforts of the Italian companies that have given it periodically ever since Garcia and his singers (the pioneers in America of Italian opera) were stimulated to perform it in 1825 by Lorenzo Da Ponte, the author of the libretto, who was then teaching the Italian language and literature in this city. The comedy portion was heavy-footed, even Herr Reichmann failing in a measure when he came to embody the grace and dash and charm, physical and intellectual, which are the equipment of the most brilliant reprobate on the lyric stage. To repair this loss, however, there was a passionate intensity in his singing as soon as he came under the shadow of the retributive *dénouement*, a fire in the music sung by Mme. Lehmann (Donna Anne), a suave beauty and amiable humor in Herr Fischer's Leporello, and a degree of attention to detail in the furnishing of the stage and the reading of the score that made portions of the old masterpiece seem like a new work. The first week's performances had introduced two newcomers besides Herr Reichmann, who, though belonging to a less gifted class and lacking experience on the stage, yet gave much pleasure by their exhibition of artistic gifts. The new-comers were Sophie Wiesner, soprano, and Charlotte Huhn, contralto. The strangers of the second week, Frau Sonntag-Uhl and Fräulein Betty Frank, were less satisfactory, the good voice of the former being reduced to inefficiency by her phlegmatic manner and style, and the latter having scarcely voice enough for so large a hall. On the whole, however, the company is stronger than that of last season; and not the least of its advantages is the possession of a principal dancer who is both comely in appearance and graceful in movement.

The present season, we are inclined to believe, will place the German Opera on a more solid footing than it has had since the beginning of the experiment. Thus far it has been carried on in the face of great embarrassments, many of them resulting from the undecided attitude of the stockholders toward the undertaking. The growth of public interest in the institution and of intelligent appreciation of the artistic principles which underlie the efforts of Mr. Stanton, Herr Seidl and the artists, has been steady, however, and the lesson will not be wholly lost upon the stockholders. German opera has financial as well as artistic considerations to advocate it, and it ought to stay till it has helped to bring the time when equally artistic representations in the vernacular will be possible.

The Barlow Library

THE LIBRARY of Americana collected by the late Mr. S. L. M. Barlow will be placed on public exhibition, previous to sale at auction, at the American Art Galleries as soon as the Barye exhibition is over. The room in the Barlow mansion, No. 1 Madison Avenue, overlooking Madison Square, in which these treasures are housed, is nearly surrounded by tall, black book-cases. Opposite the window is an old and good copy of a Venus by Titian. A few portraits and other paintings hang over the mantel-piece. The rest of the wall-space is given up to books and manuscripts relating to America. Among these are two copies of Leander de Cosco's Latin translation of Columbus's letter announcing his discoveries. The first, eight pages of black letter, in olive morocco, by Bedford, is without date or place. The second, a better preserved copy of a later edition, presumed the third, bears the imprint of Stephan Planck, Rome, 1493. It is in vellum, with the original fly-leaves. Capt. Paul Jones's log-book, with, among other curious entries, 'A List of the Men Names that has deserted from the Bone Homme Richard,' and an account of the fight with the Alliance, are here in their old and worn sheepskin covers. 'A true copy of the Court books of the Governor and Society of Massachusetts Bay in New England,' partly in the handwriting of Secretary Rawson, is the only copy known. Benjamin Arnold's manuscript journal, left behind at West Point when he fled upon the news of André's capture, 40 pages of letter-paper, is bound by Bedford in red morocco. An old Italian inlaid box, lined with velvet, contains several thousand dollars' worth of rarities, like Alsop's 'Maryland.' Rosier's 'True Relation' (1605), bound by Bedford in dark green, Brereton's 'Relation' (1602), in vellum, Wooley's 'A Two Years' Journal in New York' (1701), in red morocco; and Cortes's second, third and fourth letters, 'printed for the very noble and very loyal city of Seville' by Jacob Cronberger, are bound separately in red morocco by Hardy. There will be altogether 2784 numbers in the catalogue, which is being prepared by Mr. J. O. Wright. The sale will

doubtless be attended by hundreds of eager buyers, as another such collection of historically valuable documents and books is not likely to come to the block in many years.

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE following subscriptions, received by Treasurer Wm. R. Stewart, 54 William Street, Dec. 4-10 inclusive, brought the fund up to \$61,599.31:

\$100:—Frederick Billings.

\$49.50:—Employees of the Naval Office, New York Custom House.

\$34:—Thirty-four subscribers to *The Commercial Advertiser's* Women's Fund.

\$25 each:—William Jay; H. H. Cammann.

\$10:—Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien; Jere Johnson, Jr.; 'Cash.'

\$6.50:—Employees of Rogers, Peet & Co.

\$5.21:—Pupils of the Female Art School of the Cooper Union.

\$5:—Wm. M. Fluhrer, M.D. \$1 each:—Dr. Henna; R. Lenox, Jr.; W. Phoenix. 50 cts.: R. Uffelman.

Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall"

IT IS NOT as widely known as it might be, particularly in the North, that the late ex-President of the Confederate States was an author. In 1875, though an agent, he entered into an agreement with the house of D. Appleton & Co. to prepare a work on the Civil War, which was to give his views on secession, and to bear the title of 'The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.' The book was undertaken from Mr. Davis's dictation, and after \$8000 had been paid by Messrs. Appleton to his amanuensis, on Mr. Davis's orders, it was discovered that the latter gentleman had hardly matter enough ready for a single volume of the two of which the work was to consist. Mr. J. C. Derby, who recounts the story of this book in his 'Fifty Years among Books and Publishers,' was sent South by the Appletons to expedite matters, and succeeded in inducing Mr. Davis to accept the assistance of Judge Tenney in place of the gentleman formerly employed by him. Judge Tenney died in 1883, after a visit to Mr. Davis at Beauvoir; but the book appeared and met with a comparatively large sale. A dispute between the author and his publishers as to the disposition of the profits was made the subject of adjudication. Just what Mr. Davis's share in the composition of the book amounted to it is impossible to say; but it must have occupied much of his time for some years. His study, in a separate building, with a veranda, surrounded by trees, was closed to all comers while he was engaged upon it. His books, pictures, statuettes and all other memorials of the War were kept in this building. The mansion itself is approached by a fine avenue of old trees. Its reception room opens directly from the entrance and was the living-room of the family. It holds many miniatures of past generations, and books and pictures, old and new, but not, for the most part, connected with the great struggle.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

Artistic Japan maintains the high degree of excellence attained in its first numbers. The artist, amateur, manufacturer and artisan will be richly rewarded by a study both of covers and interior. The three numbers before us have designs of the morning-glory, or 'morning face,' as the Japanese call the convolvulus; a patriarchal but diminutive chanticleer and his family; and Fuji-no-yama 'flaming in the forehead of the morning sky.' Hokusai furnishes as usual, and rightly too, the material for a study of the people and things in motion. A very spirited 'brocade picture' of pleasure boats on the Sumida River in front of Tokio, with the famous bridge of Ryō-goku (two provinces) thronged with the humanity of old Japan, is given in color. Now, alas!—the ejaculation is a sigh artistically—the dear old bridge, on which we have so often enjoyed the marvellous sunsets and fascinating river-scenes, has been replaced by an iron one, and nearly all the picturesque costumes have vanished. Philippe Burty furnishes a good paper on swords, and the illustrations of all the parts which furnished the superb body of the 'living soul of the Samurai,' are in the best style of reproductive art. Mr. S. Bing writes on the origin of painting gathered from history. The text is based on good scholarship, and the writers have, evidently, had generous assistance from native Japanese experts. In each number there are a half dozen or more designs in decorative art which we cannot well imagine a good designer in any branch of ornamental industry doing without. We rank this periodical among the highest class of art-journals.

—The Scotch National Gallery, its Tiepolos, Watteaus, Hobbemas and Gainsboroughs, are described and illustrated in the

December Magazine of Art. The artistic, or perhaps it would be better to say the inartistic, aspect of Lord Mayors' shows is illustrated from old prints with comment by Joseph Grego. The first of what promises to be an interesting series of articles on 'Wild Wales,' by Charles Stuart, is illustrated from drawings, by the author, of Harlech Castle on its rock and a sudden burst of sunshine over Llyn Gwynant. A remarkable lot of sketches of laughing faces by Fred Barnard are made the subject of an essay on 'The Philosophy of Laughter,' by Charles Whibley. There is the schoolgirl giggle, the supercilious smile, the afternoon-tea laugh, and many another grin or cachinnation. The best is that which shows 'The Growth of a Hearty Laugh' and the telling of a capital story. The frontispiece of the number is a photogravure of Herkomer's picture, 'The Last Muster,' and there is a full-page woodcut after Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Elizabeth, Countess Grosvenor.

—While authors are congratulating themselves on President Harrison's endorsement of the International Copyright movement, artists are deplored his silence on the subject of the barbarous tariff on foreign works of art.

Aucassin and Nicolette

AN INTRODUCTION

[F. W. Bourdillon, in *The Athenaeum*.]

WHAT magic halo rings thy head,
Dream-maiden of a minstrel dead?
What charm of faerie round thee hovers,
That all who listen are thy lovers?

What power yet makes our pulses thrill
To see thee at thy window-sill,
And by that dangerous cord down-sliding,
And through the moon-lit garden gliding?

True maiden art thou in thy dread;
True maiden in thy hardihead;
True maiden when—thy fears half over—
Thou lingerest to try thy lover.

And ah! what heart of stone or steel
But doth some stir unwonted feel,
When, to the day new brightness bringing,
Thou standest at the stair-foot singing!

Thy slender limbs in boyish dress,
Thy tones half glee, half tenderness,
Thou singest, 'neath the light tales cover,
Of thy true love to thy true lover.

O happy lover, happy maid,
Together in sweet story laid!
Forgive the hand that here is baring
Your old loves for new lovers' staring!

Yet, Nicolette, why fear'st thou fame?
No slander now can touch thy name,
Nor Scandal's self a fault discovers,
Though each new year thou hast new lovers.

Nor, Aucassin, need'st thou to fear
These lovers of too late a year,
Nor dread one jealous pang's revival—
No lover now can be thy rival.

What flower considers if its blooms
Light haunts of men or forest glooms?
What care ye though the world discovers
Your flowers of love, O flower of lovers!

The Virtuous Reader

[*The St. James's Gazette*]

SAID an Oxford scout, who had waited on many generations of struggling passmen and studied their ways and manners, when a candidate in whom he felt a special interest had once again failed in the schools, after much burning of the midnight oil, 'Ah, sir, if you'd only read a little less and think a little more, I do believe that you'd get through the Schools.' Said an eminent schoolmaster scolding an unsuccessful pupil, 'I don't care how long you have been working. There is no virtue in just wearing out your trousers against your study chair.' If the mere perusal of printed matter does little good to schoolboys and undergraduates, who do at least live in an atmosphere of thought and learning, are we to take it for granted that the same habit will become a great means of national self-improvement when it has been extended to the masses who are invited and urged to make use of the Free Libraries that are being founded and thrown open to them? The habit of reading is difficult

to acquire—so said Mr. Balfour recently when he was opening a new Library and School of Art at Hertford. Probably he meant to say that it was not easy to read the proper books in a proper way. But it was not in a pedantically instructive spirit that he delivered a highly interesting address. He did not urge his audience to read books in order to improve their minds or become more valuable members of an ever-progressive and self-perfectible community. He told them that a taste for reading—which he defined as 'a general and universal curiosity'—was not, perhaps, a specific against the sorrows of life, but a sovereign remedy against boredom. He was but adapting and applying the well-known saying of the old card-player rebuking a young man who refused to learn the game of whist. 'Young sir,' he said, 'you are laying up for yourself a miserable old age.' Perhaps Mr. Balfour was right; perhaps he showed once more that keen appreciation of the facts of the commonplace human natures about him which has made him so successful an administrator, when he declined to follow the optimist of universal progress who believe that a rising generation which has learned its letters is going to be greatly better than its fathers before it.

More avowedly and even positively pessimistic is Mr. W. M. Gattie, the author of a suggestive article in *The Fortnightly Review*. He has been at the pains to analyze the stock reading of the English people as tested by the books which they demand at the public libraries. He finds that a great deal of book-perusing has been done at the chief centres of urban life, but he also finds that the overwhelming proportion of it has been devoted to 'works of fiction.' We quote one of his remarks, which gives the note of his whole article:—'The artisans and workwomen who, if they had lived fifty years ago, would have been unable to spell, nowadays swell enormously the demand for books. But they seek for the most part simply to be amused, to be taken out of themselves; they do not want anything that will give them the trouble to think.'

That is precisely the conclusion which we might have reached by pure conjecture. The toilers of the great cities desire 'to be taken out of themselves.' Not a bad thing in itself, this desire to forget one's self, one's own troubles, and one's own sins, and by an easy effort of the assisted imagination to project one's mind into the personality of somebody stronger and wiser, more beautiful and more fortunate, richer and better-born than one's self; but not a thing which necessarily leaves men and women any better or any worse than it found them. The life of fact and the life of fiction are generally kept wide apart. The one is not dignified by the other. When the workwoman shuts up her novel of high life she forgets all about the patience and the fortitude which led the low-born maiden to the altar with belted earl and left her driving about the park in a double barouche. The events in the book, the moral lessons which may be learned even in the least meritorious novelette, are forgotten as soon as it is laid aside—they are as completely separated from her daily life as the canaries which Count Fosco petted were separated from the crimes which he plotted.

But the reader has been amused—and that is something. The lives of the poor are not so bright that we need grudge them such gleams of light as they may gain from the feeble exercise of a vulgar imagination. But now they are to be taught what to read and how to read it. These are the objects of the National Home-Reading Union, which is to begin work at the beginning of next month. The subscriptions demanded are to be small and the benefits projected are to be large. Divided into local centres, each of them dominated by an appointed 'leader,' it is to prescribe a course of study adapted to the various classes of its members (young persons, artisans, and general readers), it is to hold regular meetings, to conduct discussions and examinations, and, finally, to issue certificates to the virtuous professors of a general and universal curiosity, intelligently and diligently satisfied. That is a fine scheme; and certainly it will not be altogether a failure. There are many persons in all ranks who desire knowledge, and many more who desire to be credited with knowledge. From these two classes the Union ought to find a strong body of disinterested and energetic supporters. But will it do more than help those who are able and willing to help themselves? Will it reach the great mass of the people who are none the more literary because they have learned their letters and none the more refined and cultivated because they spend their leisure in thumbing the imaginary amourettes of impossible Lord Eustaces and incredible Lady Carolines? Will it exterminate the Criminal Romances and the Voluptuous Revelations which form a principal part of the mental food taken and digested by the boys and girls in whom we are taking so much trouble and spending so much money to inculcate a taste for reading? Still, even if it fails in bringing out so grand a result, the National Home-Reading Union will have done good work if in the course of time it can show that it has multiplied the number of persons anxious to think about what they read.

Current Criticism

'OUR GLORIOUS ENGLISH MOTHER-TONGUE.'—Returning to our own country, we find that we are favored of all peoples as to our form of government, favored by the presence of powerful religious sentiment and practice and no less so by the absence of religion in government, favored by the possession of immense and still undeveloped resources of territory; but that we have a diversity of race elements which demand loudly the mollifying influences of our splendid birthright, our glorious English mother-tongue. No other colonists that the world had hitherto seen had carried with them such a possession into their new homes as our ancestors brought with them during the seventeenth century, in the form of the English language, containing King James's Bible and Shakspeare's plays; and this birthright of ours is to-day our most precious possession and the surest stay and support of our national life. For nothing else, neither troops, nor laws, nor railroads, nor all combined, can take its place in keeping at one our widely separated sections, in making State feel in touch with State, in bringing home to our people their common interests, in Americanizing our whole country. It is, we may say with regard to our foreign population, the great solvent wherein other race associations of ideas and foreign forms of thought become changed and prepared for absorption into our forms of thought, thence to issue into patriotic action. If we cannot bring about such solution on the one hand and such absorption on the other, we may still produce in this country a powerful national life and a strong form of civilization; but we shall not realize that greatness of ideal life, that grandeur of moral conception, which is now the underlying principle of our civilization, which is ours by right of race inheritance, and which we are bound by the highest obligations of personal and national duty to work out in actual social life, if in us be such power.—*Prof. Wm. T. Thom, at Washington and Lee University.*

THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.—One distinguishing element in English high life, Mr. Hawthorne went on to remark, was the way in which it moved in a plane of its own, without any necessary contact with painful things outside. In which connection the conversation turned to another topic, with which this report must conclude—the topic of English and American journalism. In journalism I said we were all Americo-maniacs. 'Yes,' said Mr. Hawthorne, 'I notice a great Americanization of late years in English journalism, and on the whole I think you have borrowed our best things.' 'Then there are bad things?' But you would not go so far, perhaps, as a distinguished American, who, on being asked the other day to name the most disquieting feature in American life, fixed without a moment's hesitation on the vulgarity and triviality of the American press? Mr. Hawthorne replied in an apologue. 'There are bad features in our journalism,' he said, 'of course; but it is this way. Imagine a respectable merchant going to church, holding the plate, and conforming in every way to the dictates of a conventional society. Suddenly, one fine day, when he has made his money, he breaks loose—bored beyond endurance by the unreal conventionalism of his life. He runs off, we will say, with his neighbor's wife—resolved to do and suffer anything in preference to the old life. Now that is the kind of national danger involved in a decorous, reticent, and respectable press. English society is not a model and moral society, but your journals pretend that it is. Our journals, on the other hand, tell us everything and take us everywhere. Thereby they save us at any rate from self-deception and conventionalism.'—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

A TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP.—'To many it may appear a foolish labor,' said Motherwell, 'this gathering of old ballads.' What would he have said to Prof. Child's monumental work, where the introduction to each ballad is illustrated by parallels from every European language, and upon which more industry, learning, and acuteness have been expended than upon any edition of Shakspeare? The time has not yet come for criticizing so great a work. It must be dealt with in its entirety. Meantime, however, it is impossible to touch upon the subject of English and Scottish ballads without giving a word of passing tribute to the energy, the scholarship, and the critical insight displayed in every one of the parts at present issued. That such a work should come from America is to students of English literature matter of congratulation, but not of surprise. The only matter of surprise, when we consider the inestimable importance of the finest of the old ballads, is that such a collection should not, from some source or another, have come before. We say 'the finest' of the old ballads, for, of course, it is of these only that we speak. Fanatical indeed must be the critic who does not see how uncouth, and as poetry how worthless, is many an old ballad which, of necessity, finds a place

in an exhaustive collection. The listeners to these must have agreed to enter with the singer into a world of entirely conventional imagination, much as the spectator of a Chinese or a Japanese picture agrees to accept without demur a landscape that has no perspective and a dramatic action that according to all the laws of nature is impossible.—*The Athenaeum.*

Notes

WE TAKE PLEASURE in announcing that, with the new year, Dr. W. J. Rolfe of Cambridgeport, Mass., the distinguished Shakspearian scholar, will take charge of a department in **THE CRITIC** to be entitled 'Shakspeariana.' In this department he will review new editions of Shakspeare's works, together with new publications relating to those works and their author, and will answer any questions concerning them that show an intelligent interest in the subject on the part of the inquirer. The study of Shakspeare has assumed such proportions, nowadays, as to demand special treatment in literary journals of a serious character. Dr. Rolfe will edit the Shakspearian department of no other periodical when he conducts the one to be opened next month in these columns.

—Of Mary Hartwell Catherwood's tale of old Canadian life and adventure, the *Athenaeum* says: "The Romance of Dollard" is more than a romance in name. It is a bit of the real thing at last, and proves that Mrs. Catherwood is amongst the few who know how to animate the past and to recreate bygone deeds of heroism—is, in fact, one of the chosen few in whom the light of true romance is still burning."

—*The Illustrated American*, a twenty-four page weekly, will make its first appearance in New York and Chicago on Feb. 1. It is promised that the illustrations will be of the best (as they should be, considering that the price is to be \$10 a year), and that each number will contain a colored supplement, 'drawn, engraved and printed by the best artists in their various lines, aided by the best mechanical effects known to science.' The literary contents will include serials, short stories, essays and sketches; and it will be the aim of the management to present, furthermore, the general news of the day, eschewing only politics and crime, and treating every subject in a manner proper to a 'clean, wholesome family sheet'—the sort of paper that one would expect to emanate from the Bible House, where the new-comer will make its home. Mr. William S. Walsh, late editor of *Lippincott's*, Baron C. de Grimm, the illustrator, and Mr. Maurice Minton will be the editor, art-director, and business manager, respectively.

—Thomas A. Janvier's romance, 'The Aztec Treasure-House,' illustrated by Frederic Remington, will be published as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*, beginning Dec. 18. The fourth holiday *Young People*, to be published Dec. 17, will contain a colored supplement from the painting entitled 'Christmas Carol,' by G. Kuehl; a full-page Christmas drawing, by Charles Graham; and the story of 'The Little Sister,' by Margaret Vandegrift, illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford will contribute to the *Bazar* to be published on Dec. 20 a short of 'A New Year's Banquet'; and Elizabeth Bisland a sketch of Southern life, entitled 'Nace.'

—*The Youth's Companion*'s announcement for 1890 gives the paper's circulation as 430,000. At five readers per copy—the customary estimate—this means that the *Companion* is read every week by 2,150,000 pairs of eyes.

—Henrik Ibsen's 'Doll's House' will be published at once, in a popular edition, by D. Appleton & Co.

—*The Commercial Advertiser* will print an illustrated Christmas supplement on the 18th inst., containing original contributions from Frank R. Stockton, Joel Chandler Harris, Amelia E. Barr, Edith M. Thomas, Theodore Roosevelt, Marion Harland and Wm. H. Gilder. It will be printed on fine paper, and enclosed in an artistic cover.

—Mr. J. F. Loubat has endowed the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres of the Institute of France with an annual income of 1000 francs to be awarded every third year for the best work on history, geography, archaeology, ethnology, languages and numismatics of North America. The most remote period to be treated of is 1776. The next prize will be awarded in 1892, and works in Latin, French, English, Spanish or Italian, published after Jan. 1, 1889, will be received. Two copies of each work submitted must be sent to the Secretary of the Institute before Dec. 31, 1891; and the successful competitor must deliver two others to the Academy, which will send one to Columbia College, New York, and the other to the New York Historical Society. By a special gift of 3000 francs, Mr. Loubat enabled the Academy to award this year the prize that henceforth is to bear his name; and at the annual meet-

ing on Nov. 22, the President, M. Barbier de Meynard, announced that it had been 'divided between M. Leon de Rosny, Professor at the School of Modern Oriental Languages, for his very rare work on American paleography, entitled 'Codex Peresianus,' and M. Remi Simeon, who, in publishing the 'Annales de Chimalpahin,' has demonstrated a profound knowledge of the old language of Mexico.'

—Henry T. Finck, author of 'Romantic Love and Personal Beauty' and of 'Chopin and other Musical Essays,' will contribute to *Scribner's* for January an article on 'The Beauty of Spanish Women,' the outgrowth of a tour in the provinces of Spain; and W. C. Brownell, author of 'French Traits,' will point out three disadvantages against which, as compared with the French, we shall be compelled to struggle if we undertake an exhibition in 1892.

—French, German, English, American, Australian, and Danish editions will be issued of Prof. Carl Lumholtz's 'Among Cannibals,' a book on one of the most degraded races on earth.

—Under the title of 'Whither? O Whither? Tell Me Where,' Dr. James McCosh has written a pamphlet, now ready, on some of the theological questions raised by Dr. Briggs's book, 'Whither?' and now profoundly agitating the Church.

—The composition of a Life of Jane Austen has been occupying the leisure of Prof. Goldwin Smith of late.

—A monologue in four acts, by Charles Barnard, was recited at Proctor's Theatre on Tuesday afternoon before an invited audience that well filled the place. Its name was 'Sarah Tarbox, M.A.' and Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins appeared in it with much success. The idea of elaborating a monologue as this one is elaborated is, we believe, an original idea of Mr. Barnard's.

—During his imprisonment Mr. William O'Brien, the Irish agitator, has been engaged on a novel, which he hopes to complete before his release at Christmas. It is to be called 'When we were Boys,' and will probably appear in *Lippincott's*.

—At the Hotel Brunswick last Monday evening the Goethe Society celebrated its fourteenth birthday. Dr. A. Ruppaner, its first President, spoke to the toast of 'Our Society and the Great Name it Bears.' Col. Ingersoll to 'The Happiness of Literary Communion,' Mr. Croly ('Jennie June') to 'Woman,' Mr. William Winter to 'The Poet's Mission,' and Mr. Charles R. Miller, editor of *The New York Times*, to 'The Relation of the Press to Literature.' Mr. Miller argued that 'the newspaper is not a part of literature, never has been a part, and never will be until it becomes worthless as a newspaper.' Mr. Ingersoll Lockwood read a poem. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, A. M. Palmer (*vice* Parke Godwin, resigned on account of ill-health); First Vice-President, Dr. A. Ruppaner; Second Vice-President, Charles R. Miller; Treasurer, Oscar Yenni; Secretary, Harrison Gray Fiske; Councilors, J. W. Emerson (Chairman), J. B. Wheeler, G. R. Gibson, F. Kuehne, and Ingersoll Lockwood.

—Mr. Frederic Clay, who died last month, will be best remembered, no doubt, by the beautiful ballad 'She Wandered down the Mountain Side,' though the air 'I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby' from 'Lalla Rookh' rivals it in beauty. Mr. Clay's first success in composition was the operetta 'Ages Ago,' with libretto by W. S. Gilbert.

—Mr. A. S. Barnes, the publisher, has made a gift to the Christian Association of Ithaca of a number of Biblical reference books. The present amounts in all to about \$300, and will be supplemented by volumes of even greater value when occasion requires.

—'A Book of Gold,' a new volume of sonnets by Mrs. Piatt, is announced for immediate publication in London by Eliot Stock.

—Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., Trübner & Co. and George Redway & Co. have been amalgamated under the firm-name of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited. *The Pall Mall* says that the directorate of the new firm is probably unique amongst companies in compromising two spiritualists—namely, Prof. Crookes and Mr. Sinnott.

—*The Universal Review* for November contains a second part of 'Corydon,' Mr. Bliss Carman's elegy on Matthew Arnold, the first part of which appeared in the April *Atlantic*.

—'Emerson's Essays: First and Second Series' appear in the Riverside Paper Series, and are sold in one volume for fifty cents.

—The Aguilar Free Library, organized in October 1886 through the munificence of Hebrews, receives from the Board of Estimate and Apportionment \$5000 a year, and is entirely unsectarian. It has 14,718 volumes, and circulated during the past year 68,792 from the 721 Lexington Avenue Library, 53,946 from the 206 East Broadway branch, and 8,492 from the Fifth Street branch. It is proposed to begin a fair next week to aid a fund for the erection of

a down-town mission building, in which the Library will make its home.

—The Connecticut Historical Society will memorialize Congress for the transportation of the body of Joel Barlow, the poet, who was buried in Poland during the administration of Madison. He was on a mission to France for the Government when on his way to meet Napoleon he sickened and died. The memorial will be largely signed by the prominent men of the State.

—Charles Scribner's Sons will shortly publish 'Said in Fun,' a collection of the wittiest sayings of the late Philip H. Welch, with much unpublished matter, and numerous full-page drawings by humorous artists.

—An item was published in Boston on Monday, under the heading of 'A Request by the Poet Whittier,' in which the hope is expressed that the eighty-second anniversary of the poet's birth, which occurs on Tuesday, Dec. 17, will pass as quietly as possible, owing to the delicate condition of Mr. Whittier's health. He would gladly welcome his friends, but is scarcely able to bear the excitement, and for the same reason, though appreciative thereof, he may not be able to answer as he could wish the letters and tokens of regard which reach him.

—The American Folk-Lore Society, at its first annual meeting in Philadelphia, elected the following officers: President, Dr. D. G. Brinton of Philadelphia; Secretary, W. W. Newell of Cambridge, Mass.; Treasurer, Henry Phillips, Jr., of Philadelphia; and a Council composed of fourteen members.

—*The Athenaeum* sounds a note of warning against a piratical American reprint of Fitzgerald's 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám,' which is making its way into England.

—In 1789 the Methodist Episcopal Church appointed John Dickens of Philadelphia as book-agent. Mr. Dickens began business by borrowing \$600 as a capital, and was at once successful. In 1804 the business was removed to New York, and Ezekiel Cooper was made agent. He resigned in 1809, leaving a business worth \$145,000. The Methodist Book Concern, which has just taken possession of its immense new building at Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street, is to-day a power in the land, issuing innumerable books, various periodicals, including *The Christian Advocate*, and doing a business of over \$1,000,000 a year.

—Dr. Amelia B. Edwards addressed a large audience in Chickering Hall on Monday evening on recent discoveries in Egypt. The lecture was delivered under the auspices of the American Geographical Society, President Daly presiding.

—Dr. Montgomery Bird's tragedy, 'The Gladiator,' formerly played by John McCullough, and purchased from that actor's heirs by J. H. Mack, was sold by the latter in Philadelphia, last Monday, to R. D. McLean, together with the scenery and costumes, for \$6000.

—Baker & Taylor are about to publish the proceedings of the Boston Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, probably under the title of 'National Needs and Remedies.'

—*The New Englander* issues a circular hinting that it cannot go on unless an endowment of \$6,000 annually for three years is provided. Appeal is made especially to the 14,000 Yale Alumni, excepting those who have found hospitality in its scholarly pages. It is to be hoped that Yale men at least will rally to the magazine's support.

—The New York College for the Training of Teachers announces the following free public lecture course: Jan. 7, 1890, Superintendent James Macalister of Philadelphia, 'Rousseau's Pedagogic Theories and their Influence upon Educational Method'; Jan. 14, Miss Caroline B. LeRow, 'The Teacher and the Time'; Jan. 21, President Truman J. Backus of Packer Institute, 'The Teaching of English Literature'; Jan. 28, Head Master E. H. Cook of Rutgers College Grammar School, New Brunswick, 'The Voice as an Element in School Management'; Feb. 4, U. S. Commissioner of Education Wm. T. Harris, 'The Function of a National Bureau of Education'; Feb. 11, Superintendent W. H. Maxwell of Brooklyn, 'The Duty of the State in the Matter of Training Teachers'; Feb. 18, Secretary Melvil Dewey of the University of the State of New York, 'Higher Education in the State of New York'; Feb. 25, Superintendent Addison B. Poland of Jersey City, 'Physical Training in the Public Schools'; March 4, Principal Edward R. Shaw of the Yonkers High School, 'Inventional Geometry'; March 11, Professor Hannah Johnson Carter of the College for the Training of Teachers, 'Suggestions in the Teaching of Color'; March 18, Principal Henry M. Leipziger of the Hebrew Technical Institute, 'Education in the Nineteenth Century'; March 25, Professor John F. Woodhull of the College for the Training of Teach-

ers, 'An Observation Lesson'; and April 1, Mrs. Mary Dana Hicks, Director of Prang's Normal Drawing Classes, Boston, 'Form-Study and Drawing and their Relations to General Education.' Each of the above dates falls on Tuesday.

—The death of Shelley's son, Sir Percy Florence Shelley, has filled the papers with a mass of reminiscent literature about the poet, and emphasized afresh the fact that 'his reputation is growing and his personality waxing in interest, to the prejudice of all the rest of the writers of his generation.' Sir Percy was a portly, rubicund, cheery country squire, without a trace of genius from either the father or the mother. At Bournemouth he was a neighbor and friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. The baronetcy now passes out of the poet's direct line to a cousin.

—Henry Simmons Frieze, L.L.D., Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, and Dean of the Faculty of Literature, Science, and the Arts in the University of Michigan, died at his home in Ann Arbor, Mich., on Saturday morning last, Dec. 7, at the age of seventy-two. He was a graduate of Brown University, and was appointed Professor of Latin at Ann Arbor in 1854. He was acting President of the University 1869-71, and again during the absence of President Angell in China, in 1880-1. Prof. Frieze was well-known as editor of excellent editions of Virgil and Quintilian. His influence in shaping the educational policy of the University of Michigan was very great. His personal character was such as to elevate and inspire all who came in contact with him. No man ever connected with the University was more respected or beloved. Though he had been in feeble health for two years, he continued his class-work until a few weeks ago.

—Gen. Francis W. Palfrey, of Boston, died in Cannes, France, on Thursday. He was a son of the Rev. John Gorham Palfrey, the historian of New England, who died eight years ago. He was born in Boston on April 11, 1831, and graduated in the Harvard class of 1851—the class of Prof. Wm. F. Allen, also, whose death is recorded this week. He received the degree of Bachelor of Laws from Harvard Law-School in 1853. He served in the Civil War as Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel of the 20th Massachusetts Infantry, and in 1865 was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers for gallant conduct. Since 1872 he had been a register in bankruptcy. He was the author of 'A Memoir of William Francis Bartlett' (1879), 'Antietam and Fredericksburg' in the Scribner's Campaigns of the Civil War (1882), parts of the first volume of 'Military Papers of the Historical Society of Massachusetts,' and various articles in *The North American Review*.

—Prof. Wm. Francis Allen of Madison, Wis., died suddenly on Monday morning. He was a native of Northboro, Mass., born Sept. 5, 1830, and was graduated from Harvard at twenty-one. He taught Latin and Greek at Antioch College, and in 1867 was elected Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Wisconsin; he became afterwards Professor of History in that institution, and held the latter position at the time of his much to be regretted death. His taste for historical research was inherited from his father, the Rev. Joseph Allen, but his wide and intimate acquaintance with the story of mankind in all ages far surpassed his parent's. Prof. Allen was the author of a hand book of 'History Topics,' an 'Introduction to Latin Composition,' a 'Readers' Guide to English History,' and editions of the *Germania* and *Agricola* of Tacitus. He also published a collection of 'Slave Songs of the United States.' *The Evening Post*, to whose columns, as well as to those of *THE CRITIC* and *The Nation*, he had long been a valued contributor, understands that a work of his on Roman history is in press.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1509.—Is there an exact reprint of the first Folio of Shakespeare that is *usable*? Staunton's is too large and Chatto & Windus's too illegible. I would prefer a type-printed page to one reproduced by photography, if the type-setting is accurate.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

STUDENT.

[The best 'usable' reprint of the First Folio is unquestionably 'Booth's,' published in 1862-64. It is out of print, but may often be found among the dealers in second-hand books. It is essentially a reduced fac-simile of the original, all the peculiarities of type being reproduced. No typographical error has been detected in it, though few books have been subjected to more searching scrutiny. What have been taken as errors have been shown to be variations in different copies of the Folio. Of these variations there are many, as the work was evidently corrected from time to time while going through the press. Staunton's photo-lithographic facsimile (1866) is of the same size as the original, and might be expected to be more accurate than any reproduction by type; but the process employed sometimes fails to preserve certain minute details of the print. For instance, the fine horizontal line of a small 'e' will be missing, and the letter might be mistaken for a 'c'; commas occasionally lose their tails, and are liable to pass for periods; and so on. This book is also out of print, and commands a considerably higher price than the Booth reprint. The only reproduction of the Folio now in the regular market is the one published in London in 1875 (1876 on title-page) by Chatto & Windus, but now in the hands of another house. The size is small octavo, and the details of the typography are so often lost in the reduction that the book is of little value for critical purposes, though it may serve to give a general idea of the appearance of the original.]

1510.—I find this in a copy of *Every Saturday* for Jan. 26, 1867: We find the following graceful verses in a volume entitled 'Little Alice in Wonderland,' a child's book, illustrated by Tenniel, and published in London by Macmillan:—

White Rose, talk to me;
I don't know what to do.
Why do you say no word to me,
Who say so much to you?

I'm bringing you a little rain,
And I shall be so proud,
If, when you feel it on your face,
You take me for a cloud.

Here I come so softly,
You cannot hear me walking;
If I take you by surprise,
I may catch you talking.

Tell all your thoughts to me,
Whisper in my ear;
Talk against the winter,
He shall never hear.

I can keep a secret
Since I was five years old:
Tell if you were frightened
When first you felt the cold;

And in splendid summer,
While you flush and glow,
Are you ever out of heart,
Thinking of the snow?

Was this in the first edition of the book which has since become so well known under the title of 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,' and which was perhaps first published under the title given above?

NEW LONDON, CONN.

W. L.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice on any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Atkinson, E. Industrial Progress of the Nation. \$2.50.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Blackmore, R. D. Kit and Kitty. 35c.....	Harper & Bros.
Bunyan, John. A Book for Boys and Girls. \$1.50.....	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Campbell-Copeland, T. The Ladder of Journalism. 50c.....	Allan Forman.
Chapin, F. H. Mountaineering in Colorado.	Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club.
Clark, R. W. The Church in Thy House.	Thomas Whitaker.
Cone, Helen Gray. One, Two, Three, Four. 50c.....	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Dix, M. D. George Washington and Mt. Vernon.	Brooklyn, N. Y.: Long Island Historical Society.
Craven, Mrs. D. A Guide to District Nurses. 75c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Crooker, J. H. Problems in American Society. \$1.25.....	Boston: George H. Ellis.
Dix, E. A. A Midsummer Drive Through the Pyrenees. \$1.75.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
East Coast Days; and Memories. \$1.25.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
For Love of Her. 25c.....	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Haggard, H. Rider. Allan's Wife. 75c.....	Harper & Bros.
Hitchcock, Ripley. Fac-Similes of Aquarelles of American Artists. \$12.....	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Humphrey, F. T. How to Cook Wives. 25c.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Lamb, Charles. Essays of Elia. 2 vols. \$1.50.....	Macmillan & Co.
Lausa, Clara. Basil Morton's Transgression. 50c.....	Minerva Pub. Co.
Leonowens, A. H. Our Asiatic Cousins. \$1.50.....	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Lumholz, Carl. Among Cannibals. Tr. by Rasmus B. Anderson. \$1.....	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Mason, E. T. Songs of Fairy-Land. \$1.25.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Menger, R. Countess Loresley. Tr. by Miss Dandridge. 75c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Meredith, Owen. Lucifer. 50c.....	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Moulton, Louise C. In the Garden of Dreams.	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Murray, G. G. A. Gobi or Shamo. \$1.25.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
Fairgrave, F. T. Treasury of Sacred Song.	Macmillan & Co.
Pollock, W. H., and others. Fencing, Boxing and Wrestling. \$3.50.....	Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Priante, Charles. The Queen of the Adriatic. \$1.....	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Rawlinson, George. History of Phoenicia. \$6.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
Reid, O. F. Mrs. Annie Green. 25c.....	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Romeike, Henry. 30 Reasons Why Chicago should have the World's Fair. 25c.....	H. Romeike.
Russell, W. Clark. An Ocean Tragedy. 50c.....	Harper & Bros.
Seward, Oliver Risley. Around the World. \$1.25.....	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Simcox, W. H. The Language of the New Testament. 75c.....	Thomas Whitaker.
Smith, S. F. My Country, 'tis of Thee. \$1.50.....	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Stalker, James. Jesus Christ. \$1.50.....	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Stalter, J. Pauline. The Sister Calendar for 1890. 50c.....	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Thomas, Edith M. Baker of the Nation. \$1.50.....	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Trotter, J. P. Shoulder Arms! \$1.25.....	H. Hunt & Eaton.
Wilson, M. C. Guy Ormsby. \$1.50.....	Charles T. Dillingham.